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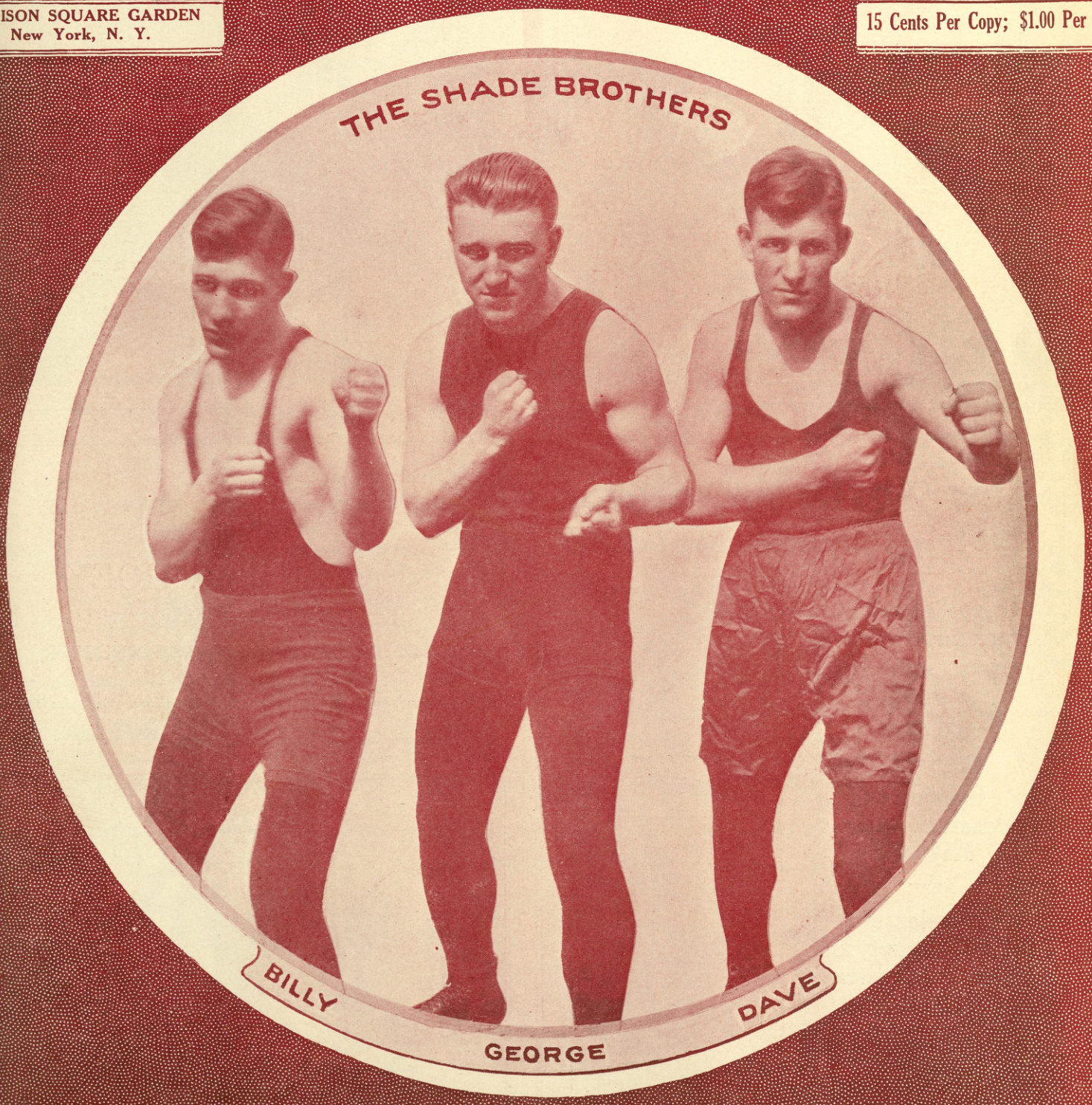

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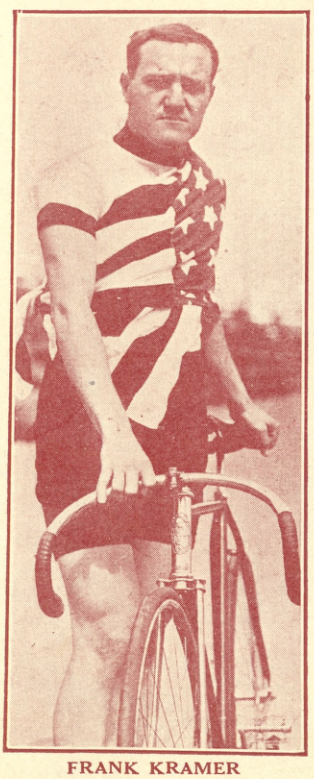

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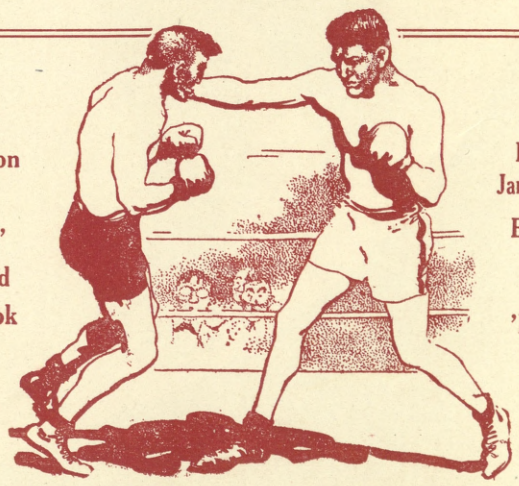

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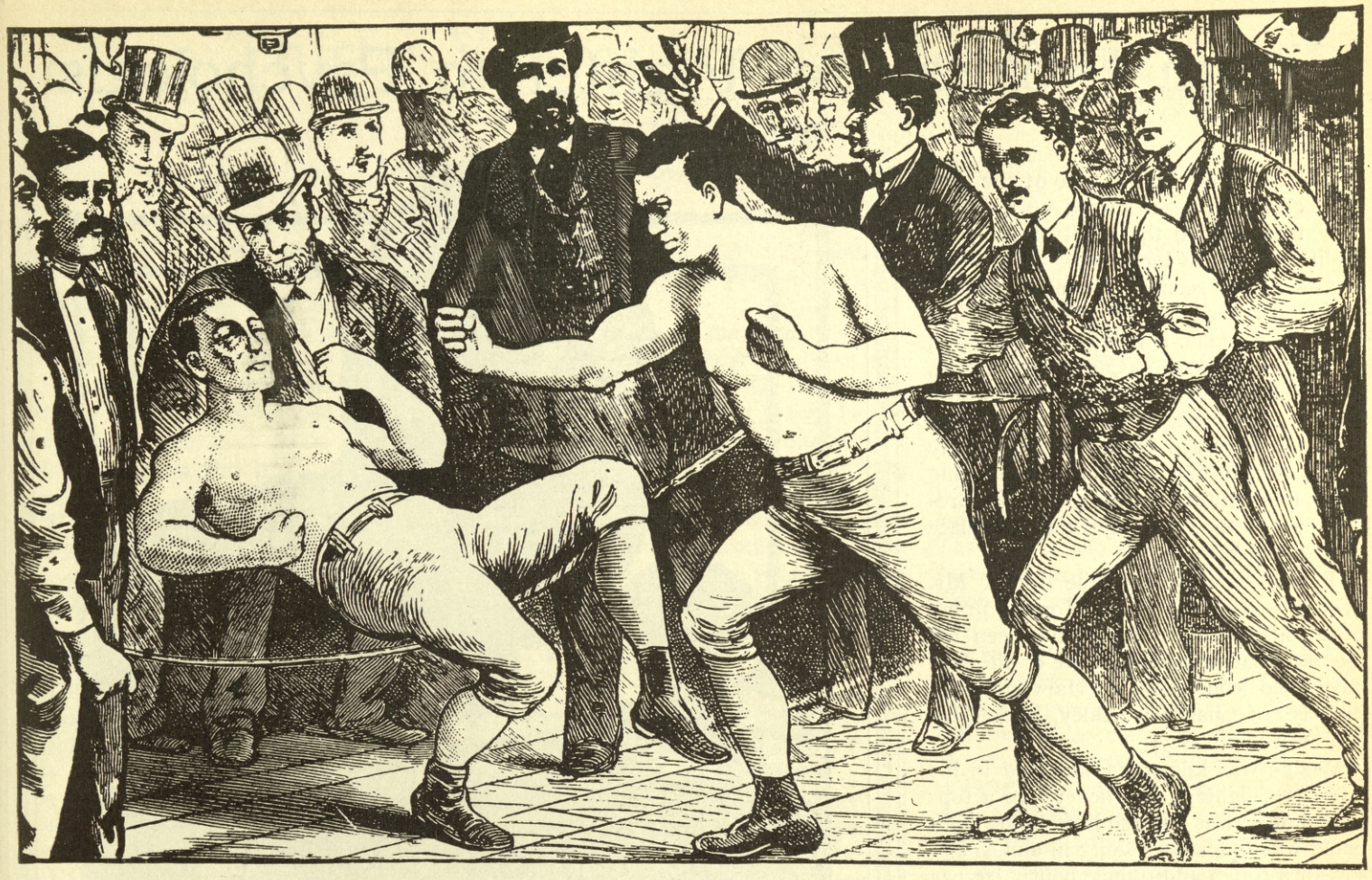

BATTLE BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND FLOOD ON THE HUDSON RIVER, 1881.

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From Professional Fighter to Psychologist

By A. D. PHILLIPS

FROM the acrid aroma of the dust clouds of resin stirred up by shuffling feet to the smell of the midnight oil seems a long step. Psychology and sockology seem as distant as the two poles. Frederic R. Wedge, late of the wilds of Arizona, is now in the tame and peaceful precincts of Cambridge, Mass., where he is trying to imbibe the culture that oozes through the classic lecture rooms of Harvard University. Recently it was alleged that he imbibed something other than culture and he got into a precinct where the green light took the place of the student's lamp.

This little episode in the life of Mr. Wedge would have passed for the prank of a college student had it not been for the fact that he has been one of the best advertised collegians at Harvard since the days of Charley Brickley, Eddie Mahan or Eddie Casey.

Wedge was known as The Kid in his days as a fighter. He never was a topliner, but he was a rough little fellow who could wallop his way along in almost any sort of a rough-and-tumble bout. He has had the experience of receiving three fractures of the skull. One of these he got when someone poked him on the dome with a heavy poker in a saloon fight and the other times they came from the lusty plunk of a cop's baton.

Now, one would hardly think that a fellow who had been through a rough and turbulent career like this would ever think much about devoting himself to the dusty tomes of the ancient languages and the modern sciences. Yet one never can tell what a boxer is likely to do these days.

Not many men at the age of 42 are going to bother much about acquiring an education. If it has not been done before that time it is not likely to be attempted.

Kid Wedge grew up in surroundings that made him a pretty tough sort of lad. He was handy man around camp away back in the lumber region where the huskies must learn how to handle themselves, fist and foot, tooth and nail. He was brought up in the backwoods district of Wisconsin and his berth was not upholstered with a bed of feathers, because he had a stepfather who was not exactly crazy about him.

The Kid had a fight on his hand from as far back as he can remember, and after licking the stuffing out of most of the neighbors' sons who picked on him he decided that his fists ought to earn him a little money. Thus at the age of 22 we see the Kid taking up the boxing game for what he could earn out of it. He figured that softer work than what he had to do as a "slavey" in a lumber camp.

Frederic R. Wedge

As they say in the movies, "another day dawned." The woman came into his life just as she always does in the film thriller. She was a college graduate and the daughter of a Wisconsin physician. She persuaded him to go in for higher education and he shed the padded mitts to take up a career that would fit him mentally for the battle of life. He was 32 when he was ready to enter the University of Nebraska.

When the war came along he got a job as boxing instructor at Camp Grant and there he contracted what the doctors said was an incurable case of tuberculosis, giving him only six months to live.

He decided that the old "T. B." was not going to get the decision over him. He journeyed off to El Paso, Tex., with the college graduate who was now his wife and took a job as a motorman, almost as much for the benefit of the outdoor work as for the necessity to earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. He won the decision over the scourging disease and wended his way to Arizona, where the thirst for knowledge was satisfied to some degree at the University of Arizona. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts there when he was 40 and was given a position as principal of the Union High School at Benson, Arizona.

He was still not satisfied with his mental equipment. He yearned for Harvard, the college of his greatest idol, Theodore Roosevelt, and he beat his way up North and landed in Cambridge with 36 cents.

He managed to fulfill the requirements for admission to the famous university and he is studying psychology with the idea that he will be a far more useful citizen when he gets back to Arizona.

It is a rather late date at the age of 42 to see the vistas open up that are those of a lad of 20, but the Kid is an optimist. He claims to have had 70 fights without ever taking the count, and he is confident that he can assimilate a lot of education yet, which in a way of speaking is that he can "take it" whether it be the game of "sock" or the game of "psych."

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If your newsdealer does not handle THE RING, inform us and we will tell you where you can purchase same. Slowly but surely we are placing this magazine in every sporting city of the country.

Thirty Years Across the River

By AL B. CARSON
Former Athletic Director, Trinity Club of Brooklyn

AMATEUR boxing was pie to the tin-horn sports of pre-Horton law days in New York State. Flat ten pound weights slipped into the pockets of a "fighting fool" bantam put him into the lightweight class and insured a battle. Mediocre lightweights learned to dread the catch question:

"Do you know Fat Burns?"

"No."

"Well, it does—so burn it up kid—burn it up."

And as often as not the budding champion was bundled up in sweaters and sent to trot around the block until he had worked off five or six pounds before entering the ring.

Amateur boxing, "over the river" as Brooklyn is located, is traced more easily there because Brooklynites live in the same house for years and years while residents of other Boroughs move frequently. By moving one loses touch with neighbors. Not so over the river. Rivalries which existed twenty years ago between Williamsburg, and South Brooklyn; Red Hook and Greenpoint, exist as strongly today. Pop's stories of the times gone by fan the fires of the youth's imagination.

Thirty years ago the Bridge Athletic Club, located in a large hall where Newman's dry goods store now stands, was the sporting center of lower Brooklyn. Former Police Captain Michael McAuliffe, Deputy City Clerk Johnnie Quayle, Chris Dalton, Andy Kelly, the ice man, and scores of men now known in business life donned the mitts for glory.

"Them was the days" when solid gold watches prescribed as prizes frequently were brass shells with a ten or twenty dollar note nestling inside the case. Star amateurs were groomed for months in advance and it was no unusual thing for the so-called Simon Pures to settle their differences in private in unlimited rounds in cellar stables for fun.

Police Captain Jim Larkin, of Jersey City, was a favorite amateur in those days and mobs stormed the old Clermont Rink to see him battle.

The New York A. C. team was the target for all the neighborhood boys to shoot at and the annual bouts at the Metropolitan Opera House were something to remember.

The Horton law permitting professional boxing halted the amateur game in the early nineties. Most of the amateurs turned professional and the amateur game languished with periodical efforts at revival.

The next cycle in the history of the amateur game came about ten years ago. From the viewpoint of the man living over the river it started at Coney Island. One winter's night while a handful of rotters were huddled in their overcoats, Lee Woodruff, known as "the millionaire lifeguard" fought Bill Sorenson, a Trinity Club cross country runner. Sorenson battered Woodruff for a round only to be socked galley west with a roundhouse swing starting from the floor from nowhere and landing flush.

Six Sets of Boxing Gloves to Be Given to Our Readers

Are you a member of an athletic club? If so, help your club to gain prominence in amateur boxing tournaments by getting for it a supply of boxing gloves.

THE RING, in order to stimulate boxing among amateurs, and at the same time gain for itself an army of readers, will give three sets of A. G. Spalding Official A. A. U. Championship boxing gloves to the amateur club sending in the greatest number of subscriptions during the months of April, May and June.

Two sets will be awarded to the club standing second on the list of subscribers and one set to the club ranking third.

These gloves will be presented to the club through Frederick W. Rubien, president of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. on July 1.

Clubs throughout the country are eligible.

Sorenson was made of stern stuff. He continued his boxing and built up a term which put Trinity Club on the pugilistic map. Acting on the theory that the best boxers never saw a ring and that the boy who daily battled his way home from school was infinitely superior to the boy whose fighting heart was developed in a gymnasium, Sorenson sent scouts through the streets of Brooklyn to dig up material. Battling boys were taken from improvised gymnasiums beside the cellar coal bin; from the back lots and from the Sunday schools of fashionable churches.

The Trinity boys had a hard row to hoe. They staged a tournament in the Montague Street gymnasium. Everyone volunteered. Sprinters from the track team met billiard stars; indoor sports met skating experts. In thirty bouts twenty men were polished off with roundhouse swings. The police knocked out the tournament and raided the club. This was a two day sensation, the Rev. John Howard Melish, pastor of Trinity Church going to the rescue of the clubmen.

After a crackerjack team, headed by Arthur Sheridan, former National amateur heavyweight champion, had been built up, along came the war. And off to the war marched Trinity Club. Ninety-eight per cent. of the club membership beat the draft by enlisting in the first weeks and they never came back.

The crude methods of other days linger in the minds of amateur fight followers, particularly when they watch the present eminently fair and wise methods of conducting amateur tournaments. The bruiser of other days is gone. The tough boys who would take a beating in the hope of slipping over one punch have given way to clean, brainy youngsters who use their heads as well as their hands.

The war made thousands of boys acquainted with the boxing glove. Only a few of these thousands have maintained their active interest. The problem today, when sport is gradually arising from the stagnation of reconstruction days to record years, is to find your men and to coax them along.

Hundreds, and thousands of boys and young men are boxing in back yards, in Boy Scout troops, and in tenement cellars, ignorant of the fact that nearby clubs, with dues well within their means, would be tickled silly to have them step forward.

Trinity Club, the Brooklyn A. C., the old National Club, made famous by Cinders Murray, the Pastimes, Glencoe, Mohawk, West Side A. C. and innumerable settlement houses all are anxious to boost.

Fight followers, the clubmen say, can aid in the development of boys whose conduct will be a credit to the nation, by guiding them to a club or gymnasium where their raw talent can be developed along proper lines.

Kid Socko—Stuck in the Sticks

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

THE purse is not always to the gyp. And he who steals last ain't likely to be bothered by the police, which is too busy to even know that the first guy did a little shop-lifting.

The foregoing is not such a much in an authoring way, since it loses a lot of time coming to the point, but it has a lot of meat in it, as the dog said when someone tossed him a bone. It means that you should never count your bankroll until the cashier at the bank has entered it in the little ol' book.

Well, what I am trying to get at is that after I take my four saps to the Garden and have them knocked out so fast that they beat the gate receipts to the box office, I am not so good with the management. In fact, I have seen guys who were much better in lots of places than I stand when I try to get to Frank Flournoy and tell him about my Summer line of socking goods. He ain't in so much that I begin to think he must be taking an outdoor cure or something like that. Sometimes I think he ain't never going to be in, but that ain't neither here nor there.

I figure that I must eat and I dope the thing out as follows:

"Maybe there's some wise hick out in the sticks which I can line up for an evening's fisticuffs and sell him some of my canned goods," I says to myself.

And, sure enough, there is. Only he ain't as hick as he dresses. Far from such.

This sap's name turns out to be Josiah Reuben Brown, and he has a little club at Heyville, Md., where the boys still wear rubber collars and red undershirts as a sign of prosperity.

I get in touch with this guy and finally sign him for four bouts, me to supply four boys as talent. Of course, I figure that this is neat stuff, for at the same time I have Phil Phair line Mr. Sap up to furnish the four opponents for my boys and since I have fixed it with Phil for me to lend him the four boys which is to do the opponenting—the same to come from my stable—I think I have this thing fixed about as good as you can do it without holding another disarmament conference at Washington. The boys are all little brothers together and the way I see it they ain't going to be nobody hurt without he falls down and sprains an ankle, or something.

Well, we get to Heyville all O. K., and I take my quartet to the American House, while Phil takes his to the Widow Murphy's Refined Board and Rooming House, which gives the thing a great play on the hostility line by having the rival pugs staying at the only two opposition hostelries in the town.

The night of the fight rolls around, after we have done sundry little things in the line of ballyhooing, such as having two of my bantams meet in the street and call each other harsher names than has been heard in that town since the last revivalist did a Billy Sunday at the Fair Grounds.

The populace has worked up a head of steam that would do credit to the Aquitania, and everything looks rosy. The advance sale has everything beat since the time some burlesque manager took the "Sporting Widows—Fat, Fair and Frolicsome" into the burg for a one-night stand. It is rumored about the village that one pug has tried to bend a potato masher around a rival pug's neck, all of which is good for trade. Of course, I ain't standing at the junction of Main Street and Broadway denying it none, either.

Well, as I say, my four boys get themselves all togged out in the cellar of the Town Hall, which has the nicest dressing rooms that ever was used as a storage place for new potatoes.

I sees my friend Josiah Reuben Brown and I ask him again, as follows:

"You sure there ain't no rent to pay for this place?" I ask.

"Reckon there ain't," he answers me. "Ain't I told you that I'm the janitor of this here place?"

"You have," I reply, curtly and truthfully.

And there's that.

Well, the bouts are not what you might call a slaughter of the innocents. In fact, the boys look very much as though they have a couple of cream puffs in each mitt and is afraid they might bust them, which same fear, it might be said, is utterly baseless.

All things come to an end, however, and these bouts do. My boys is getting dressed down in the cellar, breathing heavy from their exertions in trying to get their trousers on without disturbing the creases.

So I go around and look up my friend Josiah Reuben Brown, taking with me Phil Phair, both on collection bent.

"Not so bad, was it?" I ask.

"Wal, I've seen worse,'" Josiah replies, "but not much worse."

So we give this a laugh and then I murmur, sweetly, as follows:

"And what does me thirty per cent. come to, offhand. Looked like a pretty good house, didn't it?" And then I add, gently, "Yours is the same as mine, ain't it, Phil?"

"It is," Phil assures me.

"It is," said Josiah, and the hick is telling the truth at that. "Come into the box office and I'll pay you off," he continues.

So we troop into the box office and after looking over the receipts the sap figures that he owes us a grand and a half apiece. So he counts it out, in ready money, and we takes it with a smile, which we try hard to keep from becoming a horse laugh.

"And now, gentlemen," says Josiah, "I'll be forced to place you and your fighters under arrest for violating the State law against aiding and abetting a prize fight."

"What?" I gasp in amazement.

"Yes!" he says. "I have to do it. The District Attorney says I have to, and since I'm Chief of Police here I reckon I better."

"Who's the District Attorney?" I ask.

"You seed him," he tells me. "He's my partner, Silas Turnip."

Well, there don't seem much chance of evading the law, so I gather up my boys and the whole gang flocks around to the courthouse, figuring that it can't be so bad when the Chief of Police is the promoter.

When we get around there who mounts the bench but old Josiah, himself, in person. He is also the Justice of the Peace, it turns out.

"What's the charge?" he asks the District Attorney, the old hypocrite.

So the District Attorney reads it off, very solemn, and witnesses is called, and the whole burlesque is gone through. And then what does the old sap do but find us guilty! So help me, he did!

"In view of this being the first offense, I will let the defendants off with a light fine," he announces. "Three hundred dollars each, and in default of payment, six months in the county jail."

Well, that's a nice layout, I leave it to you. Three hundred berries apiece for me, Phil and our eight near-beer fighters makes the damage just even with every cent we collect from the old jayhawker when he is promoting fights, instead of judging.

So, there's nothing to do but pay it, and while we are separating ourselves from all our dough, we hear the old criminal say, "In view of the fact that the Court is the defendant in the next case, it will appoint the District Attorney to the bench for that hearing."

(*Continued on page 7*)

"Shadows of the Ring, No. 4—Tommy Burns"

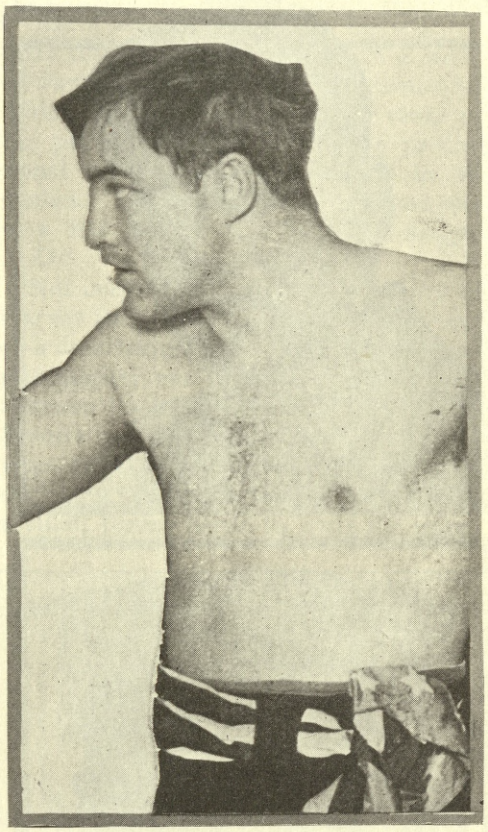
By FRANK COULTRY

WHEN old-time fight fans gather and tell of the "good old days" there is one champion of bygone days who is seldom mentioned. As long as real red blood courses in the veins of the lover of sport we shall hear tales of John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons. They were the most picturesque figures that ever held the heavyweight championship. Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries stand out in a way, too, but there was never the same "color" to them that attached itself to John L. and Bob. The champion who had the least of the picturesque about him was Tommy Burns. But Tommy sits back smugly in his "pub" over in dear old Albion and can give the world the laugh.

Burns was not a great champion. Far be it from any one to say that. But Tommy was a business man. As we might call Corbett the daddy of the modern school of boxing, we might give Tommy the credit as daddy of the modern pugilistic financiers.

You must hand it to this same Tommy for his astuteness in the monetary part of the ring game. He may not have been the greatest champion in the world with his fists, but he surely laid it over all the rest of his day when it came to making a match.

Burns was the luckiest champion that



Tommy Burns, whose greatest battle resulted in an unmerciful beating at the hands of Jack Johnson

ever drew on a glove and we can't help but give him the crown as being the smartest. If ever a man made a "million on a shoestring" it was this same Tommy.

No one could ever accuse him of having a yellow streak. He was willing enough to fight and there was no "lay down" in his system when he met Jack Johnson in Australia. He took it and he took it much better than most of the men who faced Johnson when the negro was in his prime. Tommy probably knew what he was in for and, being a first-class business man, he determined that he would be paid for it. One can't blame him for that.

Tommy's soul has been steeped in adventure from the time he was a kid in Canada. He was a crack lacrosse player and anyone who can play that game and play it well has the right sort of physical stuff in his makeup.

Tommy carried no great glamour out of the ring with him, but he did tote along a first-class bank roll. Jack Johnson had to chase him around the world until he caught him in Australia to win the title from him, but Tommy was fighting with his face to the foe when the police stopped the bout to prevent Tommy from being battered to a pulp.

Burns can sit back and take things easy. He makes a genial host and even if he no longer has the punch in his fists he has it behind the bar.

Kid Socko—Stuck in the Sticks

(*Continued from page 6*)

And what does the District Attorney do, but find old Josiah guilty, but let him off on a suspended sentence, "in view of his standing and unblemished character."

That's as pretty a little thing as I have ever seen pulled off, I assure you, but the funniest part of it all comes when we are at the station waiting for the train.

"That's a pretty strict judge you have," I say to the station agent.

"Well, he ought to be," is this bird's reply. "The Chief of Police gets half the fines and the District Attorney gets one-quarter. The rest goes to pay the Judge's salary."

And if that ain't handing a crowd of hard-working fighters and managers the juicy raspberry, I leave it to you what is.

Wanted By The Ring

Advertising and subscription solicitors wanted. Big money for the real hustlers. Communicate with the Editor.

Thought Kid Lavigne Was Licked

When Kid Lavigne and Jimmy Britt fought at the Old Woodward's Pavilion in San Francisco, there were many admirers of the Kid at the ringside, including one who hailed from Michigan, the home of the Terror. This fan, who was so ardent an admirer of The Kid that he could not possibly conceive how Lavigne could be whipped, wagered heavily on Lavigne's chances despite the fact that the Saginaw Demon was only a shell of himself.

Lavigne was taking a fearful beating but was taking it with a smile and all during the early rounds the Kid's faithful follower, thinking Lavigne was stalling, kept yelling, "Come on now Kid. Keep kidding him along. You'll soon get him. You've got him licked."

In the eighth round Britt hammered his opponent from pillar to post and the Kid went down for the count still smiling, proving he was as game a fighter as ever entered the ring. The Michigan admirer, who had bet a fortune on Lavigne's chances, still refused to acknowledge defeat and running to the ring side yelled:

"Don't lay down on a pal, Kid! Get up for the sake of Dear Old Michigan!"

The Kid smiled, but was beyond hope and his admirer then frantically began to shout:

"Why you devil, you. That was a frame up. You could beat that fellow hands down if you had half tried."

Which opinion was not voiced by the rest of the spectators.

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The World's Greatest Box Office Attractions

By FREDERICK G. LIEB, President, Baseball Writers' Association

WHO is the bigger attraction on the sporting screen—the big Bambino of the diamond, the clubbing Babe Ruth, or the biffing Jack Dempsey, the superman of heavyweights?

This is an interesting question, one that cannot be answered without some hesitation. It is a query which should cause the greatest sporting writer to stop, look and listen before he gives his reply.

Had the question been asked when Jess Willard ruled the heavyweight division and had Babe Ruth then held the same relative position he does today, there is no doubt Baltimore's Sultan of Swat would have been ruled king. But Jess never was a popular champion, nor did he have the same appeal to the masses that has made Jack Dempsey the most talked of champion since the palmy days of John L. Sullivan.

Two scenes last summer show how Jack and the Babe stand respectively with the nation's sport lovers. The first was at Atlantic City, a few weeks before the Carpentier scrap. Jack came strolling along the Boardwalk with a companion and he stopped near a hotel for a few minutes to pass a few words with some newspaper acquaintances. In less time than it takes to tell, Dempsey was in the midst of a surging throng.

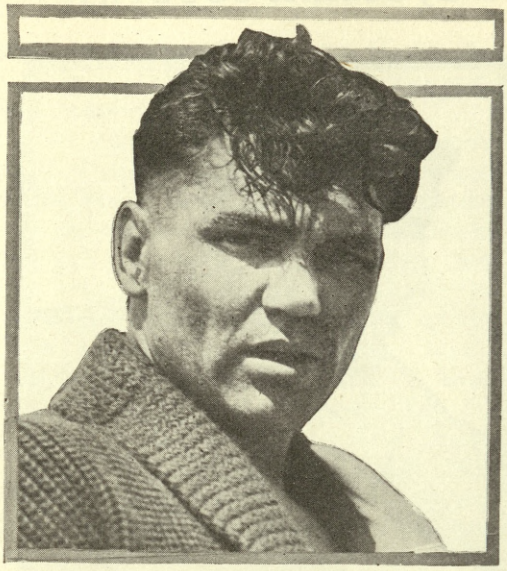
"It's Jack!" "It's Dempsey!" were the words on every lip.

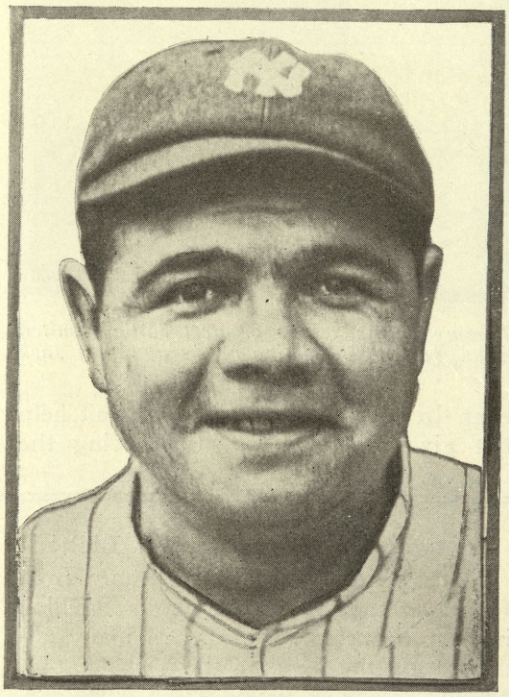
Well dressed women, nurses with children, little flappers with their hanging curls, craned their necks to get a peep at the man who soon was to battle with the famous Frenchman in Jersey City for the biggest purse ever posted for a championship bout. Wheel chairs emptied, adding to the crowd, and the Boardwalk soon was blocked with the curious. Jack sought refuge by ducking into a soda water establishment.

It reminded the writer of the tales he had heard in his boyhood days of the visits of John L. Sullivan to Philadelphia. No matter where the great John L. would go, a troop of men and boys would follow at his heels and at regular intervals, so the story went, the crowd would give cheers for the popular champion.

The other scene the writer has in mind took place last season at Comiskey Park, Chicago. The Chicago Americans were hard hit last season as the result of the expulsion of eight of their stars, and as a result the team finished in seventh place. But Comiskey Park always was packed when Babe Ruth came to town with the Yanks. Standing room only was the rule.

After the Babe had had a particularly good day at bat, knocking one of his homers far over the housetops beyond the





Jack Dempsey—Above
Babe Ruth

right field fence, the Bambino was given a demonstration such as seldom was accorded an athlete.

The game was over. Perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed since the umpires left the field, when suddenly there was a great shout from under the grandstand. Nearly five hundred fans remained in the park until Ruth got dressed, and when he came out of the clubhouse they quickly encircled him. The procession looked like a French mob scene. Ruth struggled to the exit where his automobile was parked. The Babe was the hub of the crowd, and some five hundred hands trying to slap him on the back were the spokes.

Here was hero worship carried to the nth power. Ruth tugged and pulled. With his cap knocked over his ear, and the shine tramped off his shoes, he pushed and pushed until he emerged from the swarm, but the Babe enjoyed every minute of their struggle.

Had this scene been enacted on the Polo Grounds, where Ruth was a member of the home team, a hot championship contender, it would not have been as impressive as in Chicago where the Babe was a member of a rival team.

It is the same way wherever Jack and Babe happen to go. No sooner does Dempsey enter a restaurant on Broadway than the word goes round from table to table that the mighty Jack is in the house.

No matter where the Yankees play, Ruth outdraws any other team in baseball. Never was this better illustrated than on the recent training trip, where the Yankees played to thousands where other teams played to hundreds. The answer was Ruth. His personality drew two-thirds of the fans to the ball park.

Dempsey and the clubbing Babe really have much in common. Each makes his appeal to the crowd through the same medium—the knockout punch.

Civilization has made great strides since the days of the old Roman arenas, but the mob still worships the man of great strength—the man who combines keenness of eye with power of "punch."

Dempsey has far more personality than Willard, and he is far more spectacular in the ring.

Ruth is the Hercules of the diamond, the knockout king of three generations of ball players, a man who has revolutionized the game of baseball.

Willie Keeler's quaint saying: "I hit 'em where they ain't," was for years the maxim of scientific hitters. Ruth has changed that to:

"I hit 'em where they can't get 'em." His system is to drive the ball over the house tops.

But we started to ask who is sportdom's greater card—Ruth or Dempsey? Ask the average boy what he would rather have a ball and bat autographed by Ruth, or a pair of boxing gloves autographed by Dempsey, and we'll bet you would have him stumped.

We'll confess to the same indecision. The man who at heart is more of a fight fan than a baseball follower would say Dempsey is a greater drawing power than Ruth, but he who loves baseball above all other sports would place Ruth above Dempsey.

Each in his sphere stands ace high, and, combined, we have in Ruth and Dempsey the greatest of the great.

When will we see their equals?

Boxers and Their Occupations

By WILLIAM FARNSWORTH
Sporting Editor, *New York American*

"BOXERS and their occupations" was a topic recently discussed by several managers who congregated in the office of Frank Flournoy, genial matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, the fellow whose glad hand shake and broad smile have earned for him a host of friends in New York's sporting circles.

"What can a boxer do after he retires from the ring?" Pete the Goat, one time pal and trainer of Stanley Ketchell, and now general assistant to Match-maker Flournoy asked of Jimmy Johnston.

"What can they do?" shot back Jimmy. "They don't have to worry. There is scarcely a boxer who hasn't some good trade to fall back upon for a rainy day."

We listened to Jimmy and Pete for a while and then entered the discussion with a remark that in most cases the only work a pugilist knows anything about is boxing, and very few know much about that. This statement, said in a spirit of jest, somewhat peeved Jimmy and he immediately went to the trouble of giving a history of 200 or more boxers, many of whom he handled in his twenty years as a manager, whose vocations prior to entering the field of pugilism, ranged from longshoreman to doctor of medicine.

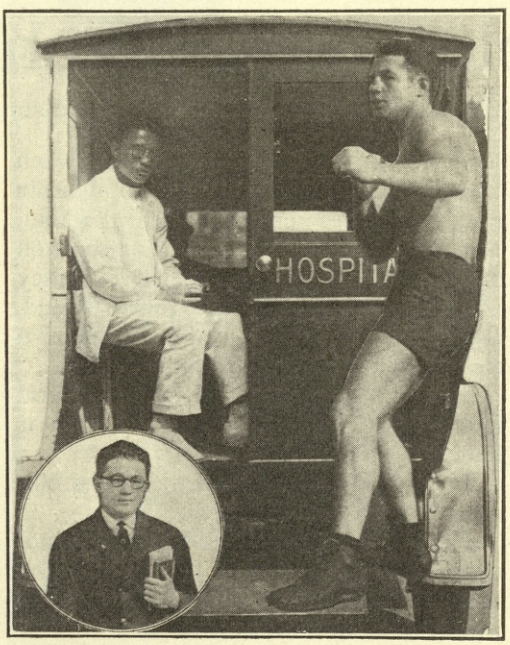
"You seem to doubt what I'm telling you," said Johnston, "but no matter what your opinion is, I say it is a fact nevertheless that almost every boxer can drop out of pugilism now and earn a decent living in any of fifty varieties of labor I can mention.

"It is a fallacy for the public to think that only the roughneck enters the boxing game. I can name a dozen or more college men, including Mr. Bill Wedge, the Western lumberjack who was recently admitted into Harvard, who have followed the boxing profession because of the pleasure they derive from it and the money they could earn. Right here in New York City there are seven boxers who are students. Three are studying medicine, one being Harvey Bright of Brooklyn; two are studying law, one is in Cooper Union studying engineering and one is a student of dentistry.

"You ask why they are following boxing as a profession? Well, the answer is simple. They are able to make enough money out of boxing to give them the chance they want—the chance to continue their studies.

"Take the case of Harvey Bright for instance. Harvey is a fine chap, a gentleman both in and out of the ring. Harvey comes from a family that could not support him in college were he not able to earn some money for himself. It costs considerable to go through a medical institution and Harvey has earned his tuition tenfold since joining the ranks of the professionals. Yet being a professional boxer has not interfered in his studies. He ranks high in his class and in a few months will be a full-fledged M.D."

Not content with giving the history of Harvey Bright, Johnston rifled the drawer of a desk formerly used by Leo P. Flynn, matchmaker extraordinary, and locating a memo book which contained a list of Flynn's near champions, has-beens, novices and future prospects who are undertaking training at an infant's orphan asylum, Jimmy began to write the names



Harvey Bright, one of several New York boxers who have paid their way through college by engaging in professional boxing matches. Harvey graduates from Long Island Medical College next month

of some of the hundreds of boys he has had under his wing.

We stopped Jimmy short after he had jotted down the fighting names of Irishmen, Jews, Italians, Britons, Slavs, Egyptians, Swedes, Roumanians, Frenchmen, Greeks and Turks. James protested that he had not completed the list, but when informed we would take his word that he managed several hundred more boxers, Johnston replied:

"Well, despite the fact that you won't let me add to these names, I'll prove to your satisfaction even from this small number that boxers are not picked up tramps, but honest-to-goodness men who have been taken from their regular field of labor to earn their marks in a new one.

That Jimmy's arguments were exceedingly convincing, will be seen from the following, compiled by the "kid" manager:

Ted Kid Lewis, former welterweight champion of the world and now title holder in three divisions in Great Britain, welter, middle and light-heavyweight. Apprenticed cabinet maker, born in London, England.

Joe Welling, lightweight, born in Milwaukee. Cartoonist. Still boxing.

Tommy Robson, middleweight. Born in New York City, sailor. Resides in Malden, Mass. Now boxing.

George Rodel, middleweight. Born South Africa, longshoreman. Resides in Brooklyn—retired.

Frankie Fields, middleweight. Born Brooklyn, printer. Boxing.

Bob Brewster, light heavyweight. Born Brooklyn, N. Y. Played first base with Cardinals last year. Just starting to box. Answered Johnston's ad.

Murray Bresner, flyweight, born Brooklyn, A. E. F. champion of France. Boxing.

The above are some of the boxers Jimmy Johnston has managed and is managing. The occupations listed above show that the boxer of today has some kind of a position to fall back on should he fail in his chosen profession.

According to Jimmy Johnston:

Jim Driscoll was the cleverest of the boxers he ever saw and Gunboat Smith could hit the hardest.

Owen Moran, although a featherweight, fought lightweights, was a good hitter and a great ring general.

Ted Lewis was one of the greatest fighters the boxing game ever saw. When in his prime he could whip any lightweight living, and the same went for welters and middleweights.

Jack Dorman was the gamest lightweight he ever handled.

Al Reich had everything that goes to make a great fighter, but co-ordination.

Joe Coster was the only fighter he ever saw who could not use a right hand to hit with. He used his left entirely and used that as effectively as a master fencer.

Harry Thomas was a combination of Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran. In the Gym he could whip the world.

Tom Cowler was a gamester but could not take a punch on the chin.

Ole Anderson, was just game, that's all.

Andre Anderson loved to box, the

further his opponent kept away the better he liked him.

Harry Stone was one of the best lightweights New York ever turned out. His work in Australia proved that.

Young Otto, a wonderful hitter for a lightweight, spent all his energy trying to put his opponent out in the round. If he failed, he had nothing left, yet was successful most of the time.

Jim Driscoll, English featherweight champion, coal miner. Cardiff, Wales. Lives in Cardiff, owns public house. Retired.

Owen Moran, lightweight. Born Birmingham, England, blacksmith, Only man who ever stopped Battling Nelson. Lives in Worcester, England.

Harry Stone. Born New York City. Now resides in Australia, cigar maker. Lightweight. Still boxing in Australia.

Johnny Murray. Born Bronx, N. Y., lightweight. Law student. Now boxing.

Matt Wells, former English lightweight champion. Resides in London where he was born, boot maker. Still boxing in England.

Willie Herman, lightweight, New York, cotton broker. Retired.

Andre Anderson, heavyweight. Born Chicago. Heavyweight lifter. Now with traveling circus. Retired.

Jim Smith. Born Bronx, N. Y., heavyweight. Fought Langford and Ketchell, tinsmith. Resides in Bronx. Retired.

Mike Donovan, middleweight. Born New York City, boxing instructor N. Y. A. C. Now boxing.

Michael Collins. Born Jersey City, heavyweight, railroad fireman. Discovered in recent tournament. Just starting.

Gunboat Smith, heavyweight. Born Philadelphia, Pa. Now private detective. Resides in Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. Retired.

Jack Dorman, lightweight. Born Bronx, N. Y. Clerk Water Department, Bronx. Resides in Bronx, N. Y. Retired.

Young Otto, lightweight, first K. O. king. Born New York City. Now manager of boxers.

Tom Cowler, English retired heavyweight. Born Yorkshire, England. Now boxing in England.

Augie Ratner, middleweight. Born New York, was formerly a salesman and is now boxing.

Al Reich, heavyweight. Born New York City, champion pinochle player of the East Side. Now boxing.

Eddie Morgan, Cardiff, Wales, coal miner, featherweight. Resides in Philadelphia. Now boxing through Pennsylvania.

Joe Coster, featherweight. Born Brooklyn, N. Y., runner in Wall Street. Resides in Brooklyn. Retired.

The Knotty Problem of the "Technical" Knockout

By PETE STONE, Assistant Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden

When is a knockout?

This oft-repeated query continues to come to the fore.

Every time the referee stops a contest or a boxer refuses to continue either because of severe punishment or claim of a foul the newspapers are flooded with letters asking the above question. Some of the letters recently received by the editor of THE RING ask what a technical knockout is and others ask what round does a boxer receive credit for having knocked out his opponent when the victim fails to respond to the sound of the gong.

Recently when Hymie Gold was stopped by Lew Tendler THE RING received several queries regarding the number of rounds the battle went. One query was sent on from Salt Lake City in which a sporting editor asked whether Tendler was credited with knocking out Gold in the seventh or eighth round, and when the answer was flashed—EIGHT—he replied:

"Loser says you are wrong. Refuses to settle bet."

A similar situation arose a few weeks later in a bout in Philadelphia, and the most talked-of fight of modern period in which a case like the above figured is the Willard-Dempsey fight.

In the Tendler-Gold contest the last piece of leather flinging took place in the seventh round and Gold refused to come out of his corner for the eighth session, hence the record books will give Tendler a knockout in the eighth canto.

The same situation confronted fight fans in the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo on that hot, sizzling July day when Dempsey forced his opponent to abdicate the crown at the end of the third round. Some writers declared that Dempsey won in the third round, others that Dempsey scored a knockout in the fourth round, and still others that Dempsey won on a technical knockout in the third round.

There is no such term as a technical knockout in pugilism. Either a man is knocked out or he is not.

If he fails to answer the bell he is officially knocked out.

If he claims a foul and the foul is not allowed and the count of ten is completed before the victim is able to arise he is legally knocked out.

If a boxer decides he has had a sufficient punishment and quits his opponent receives credit for a knockout.

If the sponge is thrown into the ring the victim is declared knocked out.

In the case of Willard, Dempsey ended the agony in the third round. Jess was able to retire in his corner. He figured it would be easier to lose the title while sitting on a stool than by laying prone on the hard floor of the ring, hence Jess ignored the bell for the fourth round.

Many of those who bet Dempsey would win in three rounds refused to part with their money, while those who bet on a fourth round knockout insisted they were entitled to the spoils. This latter class was entitled to the money. Round three was history. When the men retired to their respective corners for their rest the fourth round had officially started. With the termination of the rest the fourth round actually started, and such was the case in each of the other bouts which recently wound up in so-called "Technical" Knockouts.

We might mention just one more of these freak ring contests—the Ritchie Mitchell-Lew Edwards fight in Milwaukee, which wound up in a Mitchell victory. Edwards had come to this country highly recommended and blew in his very first start. The Australian champion, blinded in both eyes, groggy from severe body punishment, was too feeble to answer the call of the bell for the seventh round. Referee Houlehan announced that Edwards was too weak to continue and awarded the fight to Mitchell, whereupon a country-wide discussion arose as to the number of rounds the Australian lasted in his American debut. Those who bet on a seven-round knockout won.

The above examples are cited with a view to educating that portion of the fight public that has acquired the letter-writing habit that:

1. There is no such term as a "technical" knockout.
2. That a boxer is knocked out if he
   (a) Fails to answer the gong to start a new round.
   (b) Refuses to continue because he is too feeble.
   (c) Has a sponge thrown into the ring to save him from being counted out.
   (d) Refuses to continue when his claim of foul is not allowed.
3. That if a boxer fails to come out of his corner he is declared knocked out in the round which was about to have started.

Need for a National Boxing Body with Authority

By FRANCIS ALBERTINTI

JOHNNY KILBANE, world's featherweight champion, has left these shores for England for a tour of Europe. Johnny Wilson, world's middleweight champion, will shortly leave this country for a trip to Italy, France and Belgium. Both continuously in the limelight because of their inactivity, one has left behind him and the other will leave behind him a horde of challengers, each of whom feels confident if given the chance, he will gain the crown which now rests securely upon the head of Kilbane and Wilson respectively.

Without taking direct issue with either of the above champions, THE RING desires to place before its readers a resume of the reasons why such conditions are possible in this country, a country that fosters boxing as no other nation in the world does, a country that has more amateur and professional boxers than any three nations combined. Why should a champion be permitted to ignore legitimate challenges and prevent top notchers from fighting for the title? Why should this be so?

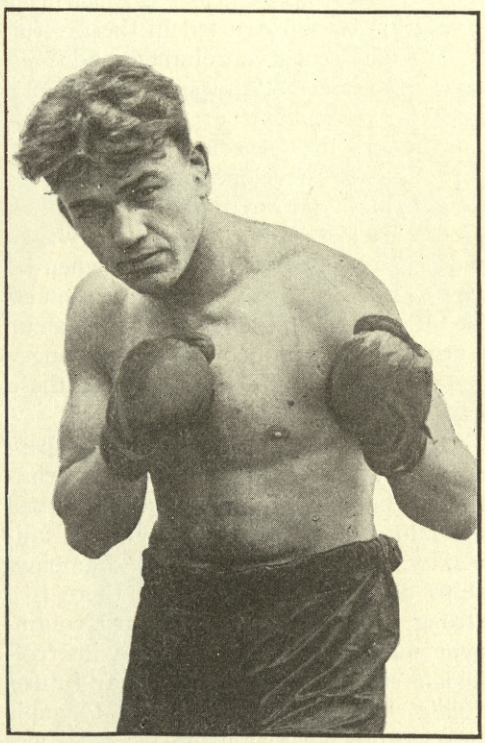
The answer is simple. In this country, unlike in Europe, there is no national organization which has full control over the boxing game and can force the issue in all matters which concern the welfare of the sport.

Johnny Wilson and Kilbane are not to be blamed so much for the lack of interest in the middleweight and featherweight divisions. In no other sport except in boxing and wrestling are such conditions permitted to exist. In what other sport would champions be permitted to retain their title through such methods as prevail in the middleweight and featherweight classes of boxing?

Boxing and wrestling's greatest weakness is the lack of a national governing body. Neither the ring nor the mat game has supreme authority over the men who compete in these sports nor a court of final appeal. There is no nationally accepted power or authority to declare officially that this or that man is or is not a champion. There is no nationally accepted code of rules which specify how a man must win or defend a title nor any power of authority to enforce such regulations.

If boxing had a governing body similar to the Amateur Athletic Union or the Intercollegiate Association champions of the type of Wilson and Kilbane would soon be forced to defend their title or be dethroned and a worthy champion officially crowned. There are too many good boxers in the classes referred to to continue to ignore their plea for a chance at the championship. Such splendid boxers as Johnny Dundee, Charley Beecher, Babe Herman, Andy Chaney, Johnny Reisler, Willie O'Connell, Carl Tremaine, Dick Loadman, Frankie Malone, Freddie Jacks and Pepper Martin have been on the trail of Kilbane for many months, but the entire field has been ignored and now that Johnny has taken a trip abroad, there is a slim chance of a new champion being crowned for at least two more years in the feather class.

The same holds good in the middleweight section in which such star boxers as Jeff Smith, Harry Greb, Mick O'Dowd, Mike McTigue, Jimmy Darcy,



Mike Burke, who keeps in training for ring battles by handling beef in Washington Market, New York City

Knockout Brennan and Jack Duffy have had their plea for a crack at the title set aside while Wilson holds securely to a championship which rightfully belongs not to the title holder to whom it really is loaned but to the public which pays the freight.

Until there is officially accepted a national body governing and directing the ring and mat sport, these will continue to be afflicted with misfit champions and men like Wilson and Kilbane will continue to flaunt their presence in the ring, throttle competition and bar legitimate contenders from a deserved chance at the championship.

An organization such as this would soon do away with the practice so prevalent among the managers of the boys in the two classes discussed, of sending photographs of certified checks to sporting editors as evidence of the fact the boys referred to are anxious to meet the champion in a title match.

It is a tremendous tribute to boxing and wrestling that the sports so long have existed under the conditions which menace them. No sport is more deeply entrenched in the hearts of the American public than is boxing, hence the need for quick action, action that will bring about a better understanding between boxer and manager, boxer and the public and boxer and the boards that govern the sport. This can best be accomplished through an amalgamation of the National Federation of Boxing and the newly organized National Alliance which comprised for its charter members New York's leading fight managers and promoters.

With a proper organization to guide the sport nationally, boxing would soon become as safe a business as professional baseball has become.

Tossing Beef Makes This Fighter Strong

Down in Washington Market, New York, the home of Manhattan's strong men—tossing around whole beefs, sides of pork, 250 chicken crates, etc., certainly is no child's play—they are looking for young Mike Burke, the Market's Hercules to achieve great things in the realm of fistiana.

And well they may, for few boxers in the annals of sport ever made a more enviable record than has the Greenwich Village Strong Boy in the first five months of competition.

The first time Mike ever had on a boxing glove was about six months ago.

The fact that the inexperienced lad was able to make such a great showing against seasoned and veteran boxers is a great feather in Mike's cap. It also can be noticed that his second meetings with boxers previously met invariably resulted in Mike bettering his marks.

The Washington Market Strong Boy was floored for a short count by One Round Influenza a few weeks ago but now is O. K. again and is in training for a long hard summer's campaign. Keep your peepers on him! He will bear watching!

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Boxing Bee Even Stings Staid College Professors

By HARVEY COHN

Athletic Director New Hampshire State College

Some of these days boxing in the colleges is going to be on a par with baseball, football, track athletics and rowing. This is the prediction made by Harvey Cohn, athletic director at New Hampshire State College.

Harvey has been instructing amateur boxers in several institutions of learning for a number of years. He was always rather smart with his fists as well as his feet. Once upon a time he was the best mile runner in the country and since the time when he hung up his spiked shoes he has been a keen student of physical training.

Not so long ago the little firebrand of the cinder path drifted into Madison Square Garden, home of the Ring, and after discussing the boxing situation in various colleges, consented to write an article for this magazine. Naturally Harvey, in his first attempt as an author, talks more about New Hampshire State College than any other place, but who can blame him?

—EDITOR.

BOXING as an intercollegiate sport has developed to such proportions that it is only a matter of a few years before the ring game, the sport that did so much for the development of America's youth in the world war, will be recognized as a health producing exercise in every college curriculum. Strange as it may seem, it is the smaller college that now fosters boxing, while the bigger institutions are still shy. Boxing is followed in Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and West Point but these institutions are the exception.

On the other hand, take a trip through New England, the south, and middle west and you will find at almost every institution which boasts of a student body of 300 or more, that the ring game is firmly established among athletic activities.

Up in New Hampshire, at the State College at Durham where I am Athletic director, for the first time in the history of the institution the lads have taken up the game of fistics and even if the college is situated at Durham, there is no "bull" in this assertion.

140 students taking a course in the manly art of self defense is the record at New Hampshire State. The boys have taken to the art of swat faster than their forefathers did to the hoe and the rake.

Recently there was a tournament among the boxers of the fraternities and there were no less than 30 preliminary bouts. When things simmered down to the finals there were 40 survivors eligible. But the students were not the only ones who got all pepped over the sport. Several dignified members of the faculty took it into their heads to get the benefit of the sport and they stole off one by one to take to surreptitious lessons with Mr. Cohn. Some of the pedagogues showed great aptitude for fistics and boxing is a very popular pastime now with the teachers.

Charley Fitzpatrick who scales in at 110 pounds was the victor in the flyweight and bantamweight classes. The featherweight leader was R. Thayer. The other class victors were: E. O'Gara, lightweight; P. Doyle, welterweight; M. Mansell, middleweight; W. Smith, light-heavyweight and A. Hubbard, heavyweight.

Boxing is not exactly new in institutions of learning. Uncle Sam has been having his boys instructed in the art for the last half century. Columbia and Yale have encouraged the sport for twenty years or more. One of the finest amateur boxers in the country a score of years ago was developed at Morningside Heights in the person of Dr. "Joe" Knipe. Fred Wenck, well-known sporting writer and promoter, was a crackajack when he was a student at Yale and represented the Blue at the international amateur tournament in London some time longer ago than he would like to admit to these days.

Harvard is strong for boxing these days but up to the present time the Crimson leather pushers have not branched out into competition with any other university. There are annual championships up Cambridge way but there is a strong prospect of the Harvard contingent mixing things up in the intercollegiate championships in the near future. Eddie Eagan, who won the Olympic heavyweight championship when he was a student at Yale is taking a post-graduate course on the banks of the Charles and he has helped to arouse a lot of interest in the game. Larry Conley is the instructor at Harvard and he has a big bunch of students. The present champions of the university are: F. X. Collins, bantam; H. Brenner, feather; C. P. Hulbert, light; R. Le B. Daggett, welter; Ted Strong, middle and Eddie Eagan, heavyweight.

Up at Dartmouth there are more than 100 working out with the padded mitts. Boxing has been one of the chief winter sports at Dartmouth for the last eight years. Eddie Shevlin is the instructor and he has the boys out for two hours training every day. Up at Hanover they think that boxing is one of the finest sports. William B. Know, is the holder of the bantam title. Frank Granata is the best of the feathers and Philip Gant leads the lightweight division. C. B. Morrison is the welter champion and W. E. Montgomery and C. N. Blodgett, are the top notchers in the higher classes.

Brown and Syracuse have been fostering boxing for the last four or five years. Samuel J. Dreyer is the instructor at the Providence institution of learning and he has developed quite a classy lot of punchers. There is an annual championship held up at Brown and it is one of the biggest attractions of the season.

Just to note the chaps who hold the championship titles we might mention W. V. Connolly, who is the daddy of the bantams. J. J. Kinney, Jr., heads the procession among the feathers and H. F. Tracy has swatted his way through to the top of the ladder that the lightweights have been trying to climb. G. Griswold, is the best of the welters; G. W. Bennett, is the middleweight prima donna and Q. J. Reynolds has smacked his way through to first place among the heavies.

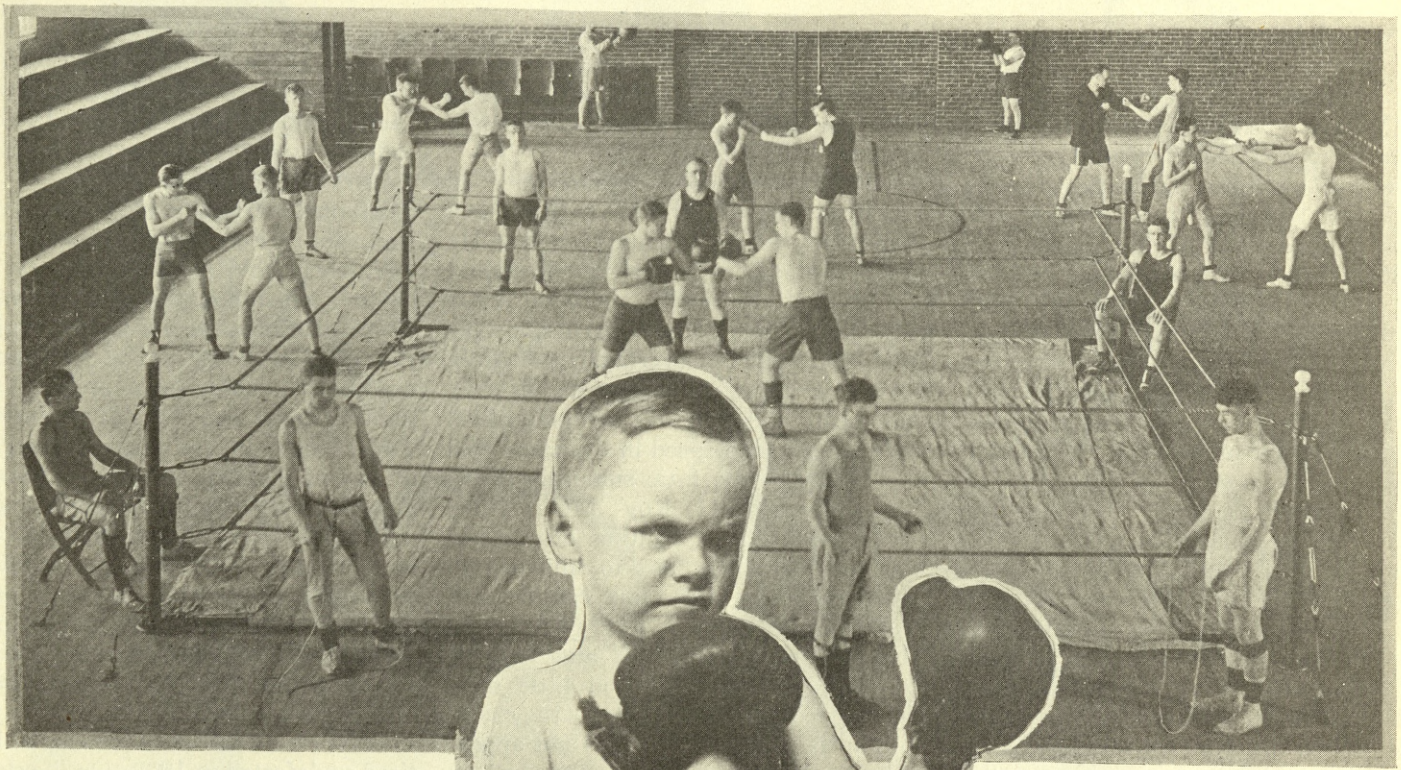
No great stars have been reported from Syracuse up to the present time but Tom Connolly who is teaching the young students how to shoot the rights and lefts up in the Salt City has hopes that it will not be long before the Orange has a crew of boxers that will be able to hold its own in any intercollegiate company.

By the way things look these days the time is not long away when boxing will be one of the essentials demanded to round out one's education. Every student at West Point is obliged to take up the game. The cadets must naturally keep in the best sort of physical condition and it is no wonder that they have been able to defeat practically every team that has come to the Point. Last year they took into camp M. I. T., Springfield, Penn State and the University of Pennsylvania. The embryo generals won all their matches by a wide margin.

Bill Cavanaugh is the coach up at the Point and he has 1,000 or more pupils in his classes. It is nothing new to say that the boys who had instruction in boxing before they were called to the colors were the boys who were the most proficient in the art of the bayonet. The movements are the same and the lad who had learned to poke out a good left jab or to counter with a right hook found that he was using the same sort of stroke when he got into action at close quarters with a "Fritzie."

No matter from what angle you look at it, boxing is bound to come to the front. College coaches are always anxious to have the candidates for other teams take up the game of the mitt. They realize that it teaches aggressive-

COLLEGE STUDENTS LEARNING THE ART OF BOXING



ness and fair play. For the football player it is the ideal sort of preparation. It teaches him to be active and to sense an opening. These qualities are the main factors in the development of a star of the gridiron.

It makes no difference how hard he can buck the line, the football player will never be a top liner unless he knows how to take advantage of an opening and that is just what boxing teaches. There is no sport in the world where the elements of fair play are more strongly developed in a man. It is the last thing in the mind of any one who has been trained in the manly art to foul an opponent. Rough work can never be tolerated in the ring. It is too easy to see a punch that is not according to Hoyle. With all due respect to football, a mighty manly sport, there is never a game in which there is not some underhanded work which is engendered in the heat of the argument.

If boxing were only understood thoroughly by those who are against it, it would be only a very short time until we would be looking forward to the intercollegiate championships just as we now anticipate the big football games, track meets and regattas.

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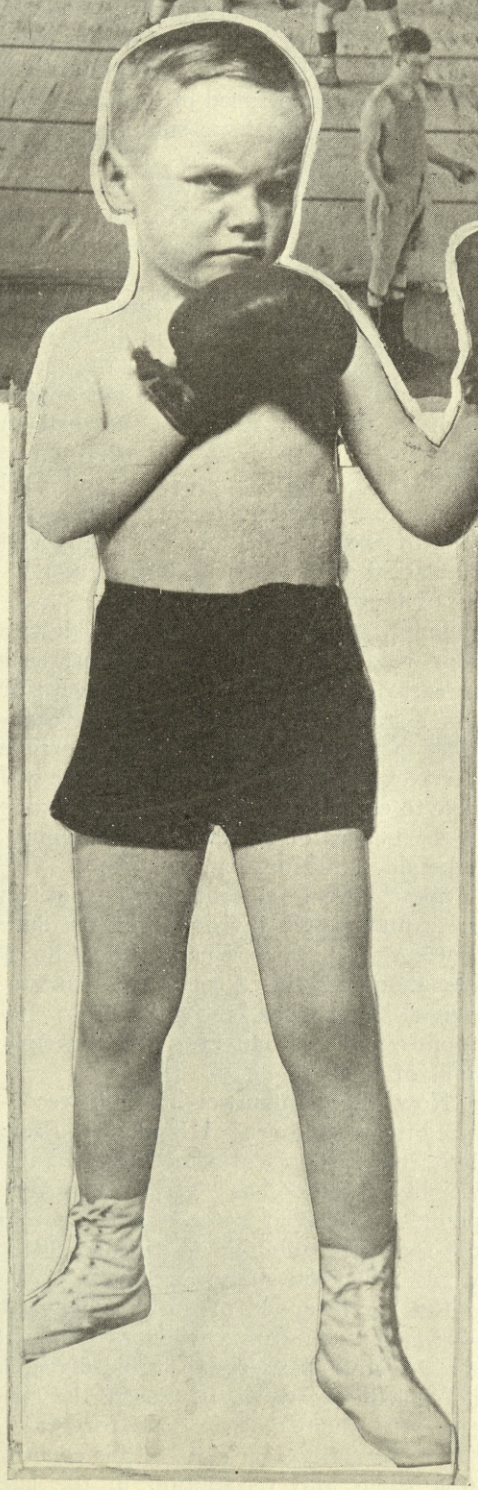


Harvey Cohn, Jr., four year old son of New Hampshire State College's Athletic Director. His dad in the above photograph is directing the boxing class at Durham, N. H.

Chip of the Old Block

Harvey W. Cohn, Jr., son of the New Hampshire State College track and boxing coach, and former distance champion of the Irish American Athletic Club of New York, has proven in many ways that he has the makings of a champion—Harvey, Jr., is but five and a half years old and weighs forty-five pounds ringside.

Since he was old enough to pull the tail of the family cat he has practiced with the gloves and is expert at shadow boxing, footwork and knows all the important blows and the ways of blocking. To see him doing his setting up exercises at New Hampshire State College where his dad is athletic director one wonders how he does it.

Every six months since he was born Harvey, Jr., has been measured, weighed, and studied regarding his diet that it be adjusted to his growth and development.

At an entertainment given in March in the college gymnasium Harvey, Jr., gave a demonstration of boxing with all the training exercises that the professional boxer puts into his work. After the performance he was examined by doctors and found to be of perfect development. He adapts himself so readily to instructions, that his Father is seriously considering training him for the movies.

Harvey, Jr., has had three offers to join the movies, and his dad is considering the acceptance of one.

The Fighting Cocks of the Ring

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

THE fighting cocks of the ring—the bantams—what heart thrilling entertainment they have afforded us! What a galaxy of wonderful fighting men the class has produced!

The incomparable Dixon, for his inches and ounces, the greatest all around ring man the game ever boasted; Terrible Terry McGovern, second to only, and perhaps the peer of, the wonderful Little Chocolate; Jimmy Barry, Sammy Kelly, Harry Harris, Casper Leon, Harry Forbes, Jimmy Walsh, Frankie Neil, Johnny Coulon, Frankie Burns, Kid Williams—what other class can flash such a scintillating galaxy of real ring stars?

Running the risk of committing *les majeste* it must be said for truth's sake that just at present the division is suffering a bit from dry rot. The leaders, Buff, Herman and Lynch, all are veterans who have passed the pugilistic peak and are headed into the Barren Lands where gather the wraiths of the Once Great.

But there are good men among the contenders, the boys who still are on the up-climb. Perhaps from among Midget Smith, Carl Tremaine, Joe Burman, Eddie O'Dowd, Eddie Anderson and, not forgetting that little colored cyclone, Danny Edwards, a fighter will come well worthy of wearing the mantle that once belonged to the great Dixon and McGovern.

The chances are, however, that the next great king of the bantamweight roost will come from among the ranks of the virtually unknown, youngsters just breaking in, like Louis Guglielmi, or Georgie Daly, for instance, or some of the amateurs or ex-amateurs.

In fact we wouldn't be at all surprised if the next great bantam was a lad now boxing in amateur ranks, for there are some great little 112 and 116 pounders among the present crop of simon-pures.

Though there is no McGovern or Dixon—world wonders like Little Chocolate and Terrible Terry come only once in a blue moon—in the bantamweight brigade of 1922 the division never boasted a more closely matched covey of leaders. That of course means wonderfully keen contests. And competition is just as much the life of boxing as it is of trade.

Johnny Buff, Joe Lynch and Pete Herman can not much longer have the pudding all to their own eating. Midget Smith, Joe Burman and Carl Tremaine already are knocking loudly on the door. Opportunity may yet plant one of them on the throne. Eddie Anderson appears to be coming fast and Danny Edwards is likely to figure if they only will give the little pickaninny from the Far West the chance. Abe Goldstein boasts enough class to be exceedingly dangerous.

Jack Sharkey has shot his bolt. In fact it is inconceivable how Jack any longer can pose as a bantamweight. He is a full-fledged featherweight and should fight in that division. Sammy Nable looked real promising but, despite his speed, skill and cleverness, the little Hebrew seems to be lacking the fighting head, heart and initiative without which all the science and speed in the world will not lift one to the fistic summit.

Pal Moore and Roy Moore, like Sharkey, are passé, fighting desperately to hold their own, not to advance to higher peaks. The same can be said of Young Montreal, Terry Martin, Jabez White, Kid Wolfe and Frankie Mason. They all are good little men, mighty good ones, but as far as the championship is concerned they do not appear to have the chance of a snowball in Ecuador.

Midget Smith, Joe Burman and Carl Tremaine, that trio seems to be the hope of the bantams and eventually will supplant the Buff-Lynch-Herman monopoly of the bantamweight division.

Smith, Burman, and Tremaine, despite their recognized ability and class, bear no earmarks of a budding McGovern or Dixon and if we are going to have another bantam approaching the Terrible Terry or the Little Chocolate type he will have to come from among the youngsters in the bushes or sticks as yet unknown, unheralded and unsung.

There have been some big changes in the bantamweight division since the days of George Dixon. When Little Chocolate mounted the throne, the bantamweight limit was recognized as 105 pounds, lighter than even the flyweight limit of today.

Now the bantamweight limit recognized the world over is 118 pounds. From 1890 to the present time the bantamweight division has "grown" thirteen pounds. And if some of the men in the class had anything to say about it it would still grow more.

But for the good of the sport it can't —regarding the times when a champion could dictate the weights in his division, be said, in the words of Posen, the cartoonist, "Them days is gone forever!"

The bantamweight class in this country first came into recognition in the late eighties and the first real champion was crowned in 1889, when the great Dixon, sweeping all opposition before him, stood in a class by himself. Little Chocolate invaded England the next year and before the élite of the National Sporting Club, London, stopped Nunc Wallace in eighteen rounds and clinched his right to the world's championship.

Dixon outgrew the bantamweight division, and set sail for the featherweight title, then held by Cal Delaney. The bantam championship was claimed by Casper Leon in the East, and by Jimmy Barry in the West. The pair came together at Lamont, Indiana, in 1894, and the Chicagoan knocked out the little New York Italian in the twenty-eighth round of one of the most bitterly contested and gruelling battles in the annals of pugilism.

In 1897 Barry hopped across to England for a world's title tilt with Walter Croot. The American knocked out the Englishman in the twentieth round. Croot died from his desperate exertions the following day. Barry was exonerated from all blame for the fatality.

Barry remained champion until he retired undefeated in 1899. On the strength of a six-round draw with Barry, Harry Harris, then a fellow townsman of Jimmy's, claimed the title. It was not recognized, although Harris whipped Casper Leon, Buddy Ryan and other Americans and gave Pedlar Palmer a terrific lacing at the National Sporting Club of London.

Harris's claim to the title was not sustained and Dixon's conqueror, the great McGovern was recognized as American champion. Terrible Terry clinched the world's title when he stretched Pedlar Palmer on the canvas in the first round of the memorable international bout at Tuckahoe.

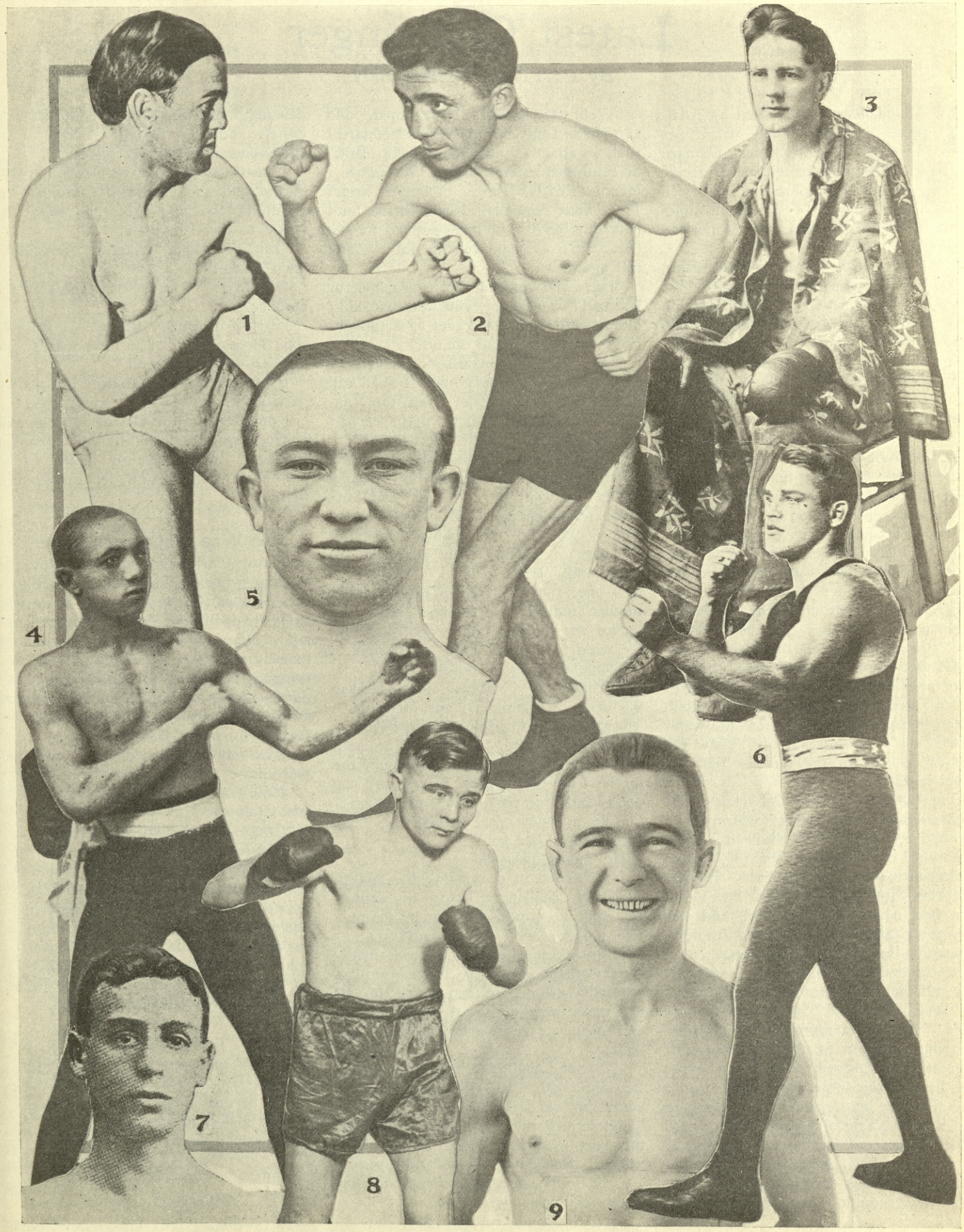
Soon afterwards McGovern entered the featherweight division. The bantam title was claimed and ably defended by Harry Forbes. The Chicagoan was dethroned by Frankie Neil of California. Frankie crossed the pond to meet Joe Bowker for the world's title and lost to the Englishman.

Neil slumped badly and Jimmy Walsh was hailed as champion. Walsh went to England to fight Digger Stanley for the world's championship. The pair went twenty rounds to a draw. Walsh outgrew the class and Johnny Coulon mounted the throne, ruling the bantamweight roost until he was dethroned by Pete Herman in 1914. How the title passed from Herman, to Lynch, to Herman, to Buff is fresh in the minds of everyone.

It can be noted that Chicago with three champions, Barry, Forbes and

(*Continued on page* 22)

SOME OF THE BANTAM LEADERS, PAST AND PRESENT



1—*Terrible Terry McGovern*
2—*Pete Herman*
3—*Joe Lynch*
4—*George Dixon*
5—*Johnny Coulon*
6—*Kid Williams*
7—*Harry Harris*
8—*Midget Smith*
9—*Johnny Buff*

The Venomous Vagabond—Leonard's Latest Challenger

By PETER BURNAUGH

THE challenge just issued by Adalbert Van der Voot, of Upper Fifth Avenue, to Benny Leonard of Seventh Avenue, to a bout to decide the lightweight championship, may well be hailed as the most significant milestone in the forward march of American boxing.

It is a far cry from the old order, when the ring game was considerd low, degrading and brutal, to a day when a son of the oldest and wealthiest family in New York boldly forsakes the Ritz tango room for the roped arena. But the gulf has been bridged. Henceforth, the fight ring bows to no art or sport on the point of social standing.

I had a long interview with young Mr. Van der Voot in his home last week, and came away convinced that his decision would prove not only an uplifting factor in the game, but a boon to the countless young men of the upper classes who are sure to follow his example. For New York society always has followed the lead of the Van der Voots. It has been unwritten law, ever since that memorable night nearly a century ago when fifty of New York's most fashionable women lifted their hoopskirts and waded through Murray Hill duck pond after Adalbert's great grandfather, Hans Van der Voot, when that gay old rogue chose the water route in a riotous game of "follow the leader" at one of the famous Van der Voot lawn fetes.

The twenty-four year old scion of the famous family received me warmly, and we had a long talk. He showed a slight ignorance of the laws of boxing, but an enthusiastic willingness to learn. He was surprised, for instance, to hear that Leonard had never heard of him, and was positively angry when I told him the champion insisted that he dispose of a few contenders, and make a name for himself, before consenting to a bout.

"Well, I *like that!*" he said. "The very *idea!*" And he stamped his foot prettily, showing a gleam of that fighting spirit so essential to a good boxer. "My family has been in the social register ever since the first one was printed. I belong to the Racquet, Knickerbocker, and a dozen other clubs, and we have two boxes at the opera. *Two,* mind you. I'll wager Mr. Leonard has fought plenty of chappies that couldn't give references like that."

I hastened to explain that such matters did not receive first consideration in the ring game, as it is now conducted.

"Well, they should," he rejoined, "and as soon as I have whipped this Leonard I shall set about to put matters right. But," he continued after a pause, "I suppose I must go slowly. I'm *so* impetuous, aren't I? I must remember Rome wasn't built in a day, eh?" And he slapped me on the back, and soon was his jolly young self again.

"Have you considered a ring name for yourself?" I asked. Somehow, Adalbert didn't sound quite as cruel as I thought ring names ought to sound.

"Oh, yes," he answered quickly, "I have a perfectly dandy one. I shall call myself 'Verinol Van der Voot, the Venomous Vagabond.' Isn't that peachy? Or do you think it's too ferocious?"

I assured him it suited him perfectly.

"It was most remarkable how I came on it," he went on. "I had read how those other chappies all picked 'Kayo' and 'Socko' and other names conveying the idea of putting their adversary to sleep, and I tried so hard to think of a new one, I couldn't sleep myself. My mother noticed my distress when she tucked me in, two nights ago, and told the maid to fetch a bottle of Verinol, a medicine designed to induce sleep.

"'That's it!' I shouted, leaping from the bed. 'Verinol Van der Voot, put's 'em to sleep!' Please pardon my slang—I was very excited. The rest of it, about the Venomous Vagabond, I thought out the next morning. Now you're sure you don't think that part of it is too rough?"

"Oh, no—never," I answered. "Not for a fellow like you."

He seemd pleased.

I succeeded in convincing the ambitious young challenger, before my departure, that he would be wise to accept a few bouts with the second raters before tackling Leonard. I was firmly convinced this would be the wiser plan, especially after he informed me that he had never worn a pair of boxing gloves, and had never engaged in athletics of any kind.

"Oh, but I shall pick it up in no time," he said, with that rich confidence of youth that old folks lose, ah, too quickly. "I know a chappie has to get in trim for this sort of thing, and I haven't been asleep. Just look here—"and opening a great double door, he revealed a completely equipped gymnasium.

"Had it all put in yesterday," he explained. "Everything but a running track. I don't need that, because I have perfectly wonderful legs, developed from dancing. And my arms are not so bad, either. You see, I took a course in archery once at a summer resort."

I hastily agreed that with such a foundation and such splendid equipment, it would not be long before he would be ready to meet anybody.

"But how long, exactly?" he asked. Two weeks?"

"Well, yes," I said, "if you start work at once."

"But I've already started. I skipped rope for a quarter of an hour just before tea yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, well, then," I assured him as we parted, "ten days will be ample time."

I didn't get to the Dewey funeral, and I also missed the burial of the Unknown Soldier. But I certainly intend to be present at Verinol Van der Voot's first fight.

He Was Not Discouraged

Johnny Clark was a famous boxing instructor who had his academy in Philadelphia about thirty years ago. A young chap stepped in one day fresh from England. He was unheralded and announced himself to Clark as an English fighter bringing his own verbal recommendations. After looking him over Clark asked him about his past victories and defeats.

"I've only been licked once," said the aspirant.

"How many fights have you been in?" asked Johnny.

"One." Replying with all sincerity and confidence.

Clark put him in the show that night against a local favorite named McGee. In less than a minute the Englishman was on the mat. In the dressing room, as he skinned off his red, white and blue tights, Clark asked him how he felt?

"Like a guy that has had two fights, licked twice but not discouraged."

Just a Limerick

A slugger who swung with his right
Faced a left-handed jabber one night—
And he missed all his blows,
Took a flock on the nose,
And his map was a comical sight!

W. A. PHELON.

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Brothers in Ring Not a Rare Occurrence

By IKE DORGAN

THAT boxing often runs in families once again is brought to the attention of the lovers of things pugilistic by the splendid showing of California's trio of brothers—Dave, Billy and George Shade—all members of the "Fighting Shade Family."

Recently when the three brothers came East from California and placed themselves into the hands of Leo Flynn, owner of the greatest string of boxers in America, Leo sent broadcast reams and reams of publicity praising the achievements of this trio in coast battles and promising New Yorkers a little surprise once the boys got a start in the East. Like all press agent stories, the tales of prowess failed to raise much enthusiasm among the sporting fans—like the man from Missouri, they wanted to be shown.

Well, shown they were, and in a manner so convincing that none will in future sneer at the mention of the members of the "Fighting Shade Family."

Through some clever managerial strategy Leo Flynn was able to match young Dave Shade, supposedly the most inexperienced of the three brothers, with Jack Britton, world's welterweight champion, and their meeting is history. It need not be retold. Suffice it to say Dave made such a wonderful impression upon the fans by holding the champion to a draw that in five weeks' time he became the biggest drawing card in America.

Fighting twenty-one battles in a period of forty days, or at an average of a contest every two days, young Dave has been able, as a result of his great battle with Britton, to earn for himself $42,000 in less than two months. Quite a nifty sum for a boxer who, ten months ago, was practically unknown in the East. Only a few days ago the writer was discussing the present crop of welterweights and middleweights with those of a decade ago, when Flynn's secretary entered the room with a pack of letters and a handful of telegrams.

"Let me see the telegrams," said Flynn.

"See what a boy like Dave Shade is worth," remarked Leo, as he placed the telegrams into the hands of the writer.

"Convince yourself. Look at 'em."

We obliged and, much to the astonishment of yours truly, there were eleven telegrams from all parts of the country, East, West, North and South, offering engagements to Dave, and most of the offers with a guarantee, the average of which was about $3,000.

While the other members of the famous Shade family have not been quite so successful, they are not having any difficulty obtaining matches and plenty of them.

The work of the boys in their Eastern debut gained them a horde of followers, and with their popularity established, the boys have paved a way for the most successful engagements a fighting family has had in the last twenty years.

The Shade family is not the only family that boasts of "three of a kind." Last year the arrival of the three Mitchell brothers here called the attention of fight followers to the fact that a family can have more than one successful fighter in it. On that occasion Pinky came East to box Willie Jackson, Ritchie to meet Benny Leonard and Billy, who also can handle the mitts with considerable skill, to handle the managerial reins.

Most notable of the families having three brothers in the ring were the McGoverns, Leons, Crosses (Wallachs), Attels and the Philadelphia Moores. Incidentally many of the fans remember the memorable clash between the McGovern and Leon clans at the old Homard A. C. of Brooklyn several years ago. Young Leon was fighting Philly McGovern. Philly had Leon almost out near the end of the last round. Terry McGovern, who was sitting at the ringside, reached over to prevent the timekeeper from ringing the bell.

Casper Leon, noticing Terry's trickery, left his brother's corner and came around the ring and grappled with Terry. Hughie McGovern promptly started swapping wallops with Jack Leon. In the twinkling of an eye the spectators were treated to the unique sight of seeing the three McGoverns and the three Leons at it hammer and tongs, young Leon and Philly inside the ropes and Jack and Casper Leon clawing away at Hughie and Terry McGovern outside the ropes.

At one time the Cross family had four brothers in the ring—Leach, Phil, Marty and Sam. The last-named Cross, Sam, was an amateur. On his inaugural appearance in the roped square he was knocked kicking by an opponent. Whereupon wise Samuel decided to allow Leach, Marty and Phil to represent the family in the ring while he looked after things in the box office. Sam became one of the most successful managers in the game. Another instance of a brother deserting the fighting end for the managing end was offered by the Britts, Jimmy and Willus. After a tryout in the amateurs Willus decided he was no boxer and concentrated his efforts on the managerial end. He will be remembered as manager of the late Stanley Ketchell. Willus, like Ketchell, is among those who have been counted out by the Great Time Keeper.

About the same time as the Britts, San Francisco was represented in the ring by the three brothers Attell—Abe, Monte and Caesar. Just about that time Philadelphia Pal Moore—no relation to the present Pal Moore, of Memphis—was at the height of his career. Pal had two brothers in the ring with him, "Reddy" and Frank. There are three O'Gatty brothers in harness today, two in the professional ring and one in the amateur.

That Sullivan is a great fighting name is evinced from the number of brothers Sullivan who were boxers. In the old days Dave and Spike Sullivan, of Boston, were among the best in their classes. Later on another Sullivan family was made famous by the Twin Sullivans, Jack and Mike, of Cambridge. Out West in Montana Jack and Dan Sullivan gained fame both as boxers and wrestlers.

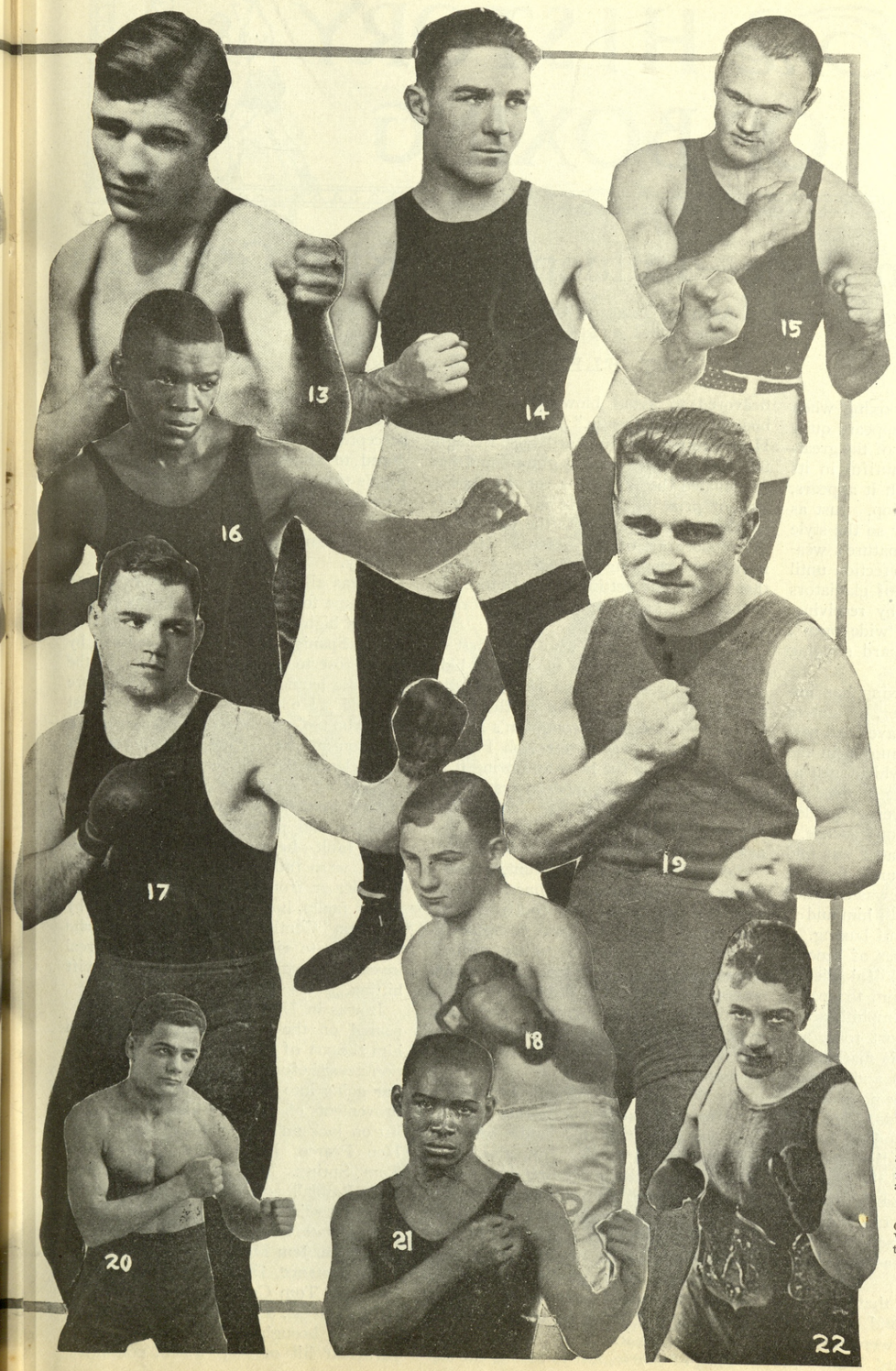
Jack Jeffries, brother of Jim Jeffries, was no slouch, and there was not much to choose between Billy and Jack Glover nor between George and Joe Chip. Bellefield Walcott, brother of the mighty Joe, was a fair to middling boxer. Tom Gibbons is gaining almost as much fame as his brother Mike. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, had a brother boxing among the flyweights that gave promise of developing into a first-class ring man, but soon petered out.

Last year the brothers Coll, Jimmy and Harry, were winners in the amateur bouts in the Garden. Charlie Beecher is as well known today as his brother Willie was several years ago. Johnny Shugrue is trying hard to become as great a fighter as was his brother Joe. Charlie Leonard was a first-class amateur boxer, but decided to let brother Benny defend the honor of the family in the ring and now along comes Billy Gibson with the announcement that he soon will launch Joey Leonard on a pugilistic career. Incidentally Gibson thinks Joey will be brother Benny's successor.

Jack White was almost as good a boxer as brother Charlie. Young Jack O'Brien (Joseph Hagen) looked almost as good as his brother, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien (John Hagen), early in the career of the younger lad, but he soon blew up.

Mike Ertle became almost as well known as his brother Johnny. The O'Leary brothers, of the East Side, were about on a par. Phil and Matt Brock both are well known. Harry and Clarence Forbes both were great ring men. Jack Stone, the middleweight, is a brother of Harry Stone, who now is in Australia. The Martin brothers, of Providence, are helping keep Rhode Island on the boxing map. Young Mart, a brother of Johnny, started out well but seems to have flivvered.

THE GREATEST STABLE OF FIGHTERS EVER BANDED UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT



1. DAVE SHADE, Pacific Coast welterweight has twice boxed Jack Britton to a draw. Knocked out Pinky Mitchell. Has decisions over Mickey Walker, Jimmy Jones, Billy Ryan, Morrie Schlaifer. During the month of March has made over $22,000. Offers are coming in for him at a steady gait and he has now pending $65,000 worth of work. The greatest sensation of modern fistiana.

2. PHIL SALVADORE, Lightweight Champion of the Pacific Coast—Most sensational lightweight seen in these parts in many moons. Has referee's decisions over Jimmy Duffy, J. Dundee, Joe Benjamin, Leach Cross, Joe Azevedo, Dave Shade, Eddie Mahoney, Bill McCann, Joe Rivers, Jimmy Finley, Chuck Preevy, Whitey Fitzgerald and Joe Tiplitz.

3. CLONIE TAIT, Lightweight Champion of Canada.—Has decisions over Tim Droney, Johnny Murray, Johnny Donnelly, Mel Coogan, and all the leading lightweights in the cuontry. Is going at top speed now.

4. TONY CAPONI, the Walloping Wop of Rock Island, action from one tap of the gong to the other. Has not lost a decision in last 35 starts. A great club fighter.

5. PETE HARTLEY, the New Durable Dane lightweight. One of the very few boxers boxing today that can go 20 rounds and win a decision. Has had many twenty rounds fights, winning them all.

6. LEO P. FLYNN, Manager of America's greatest stable of boxers.

7. KID NORFOLK, of Panama, Colored light heavyweight champion—Has more knockouts to his credit than any fighter in world. Has beaten Greb, Bill Tate; knocked out Pinky Lewis, Jack Thompson, Jack Ward, beaten Sam McVey and Billy Miske.

8. JACK REEVES, of California, Light Heavyweight—Has boxed Gibbons, Boyo McCormick, Jimmy Darcy, Battling Ortega, Len Rowlands, Fay Kaiser and George KO Brown.

9. PETE HOBIN, European Welterweight Champion and Conqueror, Ted Kid Lewis—Has knocked out every champion in Europe. Has knocked out twenty-nine out of thirty-five opponents. Hobin is the most sensational fighter seen in these parts in many a day. He is here expressly for the purpose of getting a match with Britton for the World's championship.

10. BOBBY MICHAELS, New York Knockout King. Bobby is the boy that socks them to sleep. Most sensational boxer in the ring today, action at every minute. Watch them fall when Bobby socks them.

11. PHIL BLOOM, Welterweight—Has boxed everybody in the country in the lightweight as well as the welterweight division. Has never lost a fight in the welterweight division. Has boxed Leonard seven times, Britton five times, Ted Kid Lewis five times. Is going at top speed now and ready to meet any welter in the country.

12. ROY MOORE, The fighting Harp of St. Paul. Roy has boxed every bantamweight in the country today, Midget Smith, Jack Sharkey, (knocked out); Pete Kid Herman, Pal Moore, Young Montreal, Joe Burman, Carl Tremaine, every one you can mention. Great attraction.

13. BILLY SHADE, The Australian Wonder, who has won every title from the lightweight to the heavyweight in Australia. Boxed Greb, Homer Smith, Fay Kaiser, Jackie Clark, and is going at his best and is a satisfactory performer.

14. BARNEY ADAIR, Irish Welterweight champion—Has boxed everyone in the welterweight division. Boxed Leonard, Britton, and every boxer in the country. Always gives the fans plenty of action with his sensational type of fighting. A real fighter.

15. JACK RENAULT, Heavyweight Champion of Canada—Has boxed Greb, Billy Miske, Weinert, Soldier Jones, whom he knocked out twice, Gunboat Smith, Homer Smith and Joe Cox.

16. BEN PONTEAU, Colored lightweight champion. Former national amateur champion. Has met many of the best men in the division and is thought by many to resemble the Old Master himself, Joe Gans.

17. BILL BRENNAN, Chicago—Has an enviable record—Only boxer to last more than 4 rounds with Jack Dempsey—Has lost only 2 contests, both to Dempsey, one in 12 rounds.

18. LEW PALUSO, Of Salt Lake City—Protégé of Jack Dempsey Out of Lew's ten last starts he has lost only one decision. The future holds bright prospects for this lad.

19. GEORGE SHADE, Pacific Coast Middleweight Knockout King—Great club fighter and packs a wonderful wallop. Has boxed Battling Ortega, Bert Colima, Jack Rose, Frank Barrieu, beat Tommy Robson, Walter Caldwell, Jack Stone.

20. HAROLD FARESE, the Jersey Speed Ball—Has decisions over Charley Beecher, Andy Chaney, Pete Herman, has boxed every top notch bantamweight and most of the featherweights.

21. PANAMA JOE GANS, Colored Middleweight and Welterweight champion of the world. Winner of Tex Rickard, $3,000 diamond belt. Wherever Gans shows, the promoters have to provide extra space to accommodate the crowds.

22. TOMMY NOBLE, English featherweight champion—Has boxed Chaney, Johnny Murray, Sammy Seiger, Pepper Martin. Great club attraction. Has successfully met all comers in Australia and never lost a decision.

CLEM JOHNSON, of California—Has boxed Harry Wills twice, Jack Thompson, Bill Tate, Sam Langford, Pinky Lewis, Sam McVey, and every good colored heavyweight.

BILLY MARLOW, of Rockaway—Great little battler, always busy. Watch him knock them down. At top speed now.

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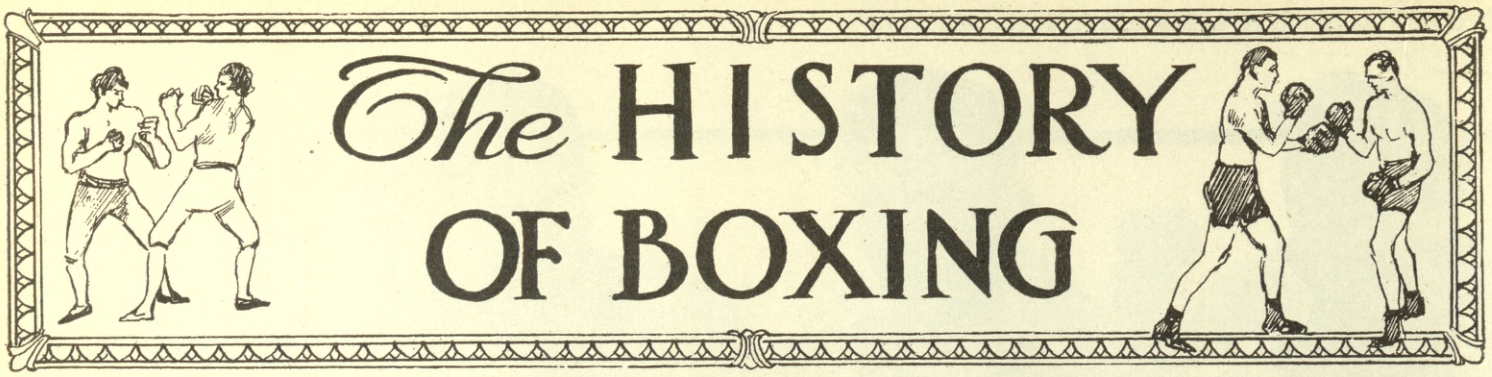

Changes in Style—Influence of Ring Generals

Third of a Series of Articles Tracing the Development of the Sport

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By NAT FLEISCHER

THE English style of boxing when practically illustrated appears quite simple yet is like many of the greatest buildings, great and beautiful in its simplicity, but, simple though it appears, it took many years to develop. Just as Rome was not built in a day so the style of attack and defense with nature's weapons was not brought to perfection until generations and generations of gladiators had learned their mistakes by receiving, when they left themselves "wide open", reminders in the form of hard stinging blows.

The English style of boxing has improved in a gradual manner. Fighters have experimented. They have tried new positions, new blows, new moves in the art of footwork, some of which such as and including the crouch, as adopted by the Americans of today, were regarded as useless and discarded in consequence.

In the first chapter the reader was told how boxing was dormant until the rise to fame of James Figg, who was crowned first champion in 1719. With him and in his time started the science of boxing.

His reputation as a master of fencing and the broadsword and skilful wielder of the bludgeon, induced him to open a school, known as "Figg's Amphitheatre." It was in Tottenham's Court road, and according to historic records marked the first school where pugilism and its then allied arts were taught. Being a fencer first and a boxer afterwards, Figg concluded that the best method of boxing must be that based upon the study of fencing, hence he conceived the idea that a good boxer must necessarily advance his right leg first and the old prints of this period show the characteristic pose of Figg and his scholars as most inartistic and cumbersome.

By slow degrees we find that the fencing position has changed and, bit by bit the methods now in use were adopted. Thus, in 1746, one Edward Hunt "endeavored to avoid blows aimed at his body by stepping aside." Previous to this, Hunt's tutor, the renowned Jack Broughton, had invented boxing gloves, and had formulated the first rules for the regulation of prize fights. He is indisputably entitled to be regarded as the founder of the modern art of self-defence. He first introduced stopping and parrying blows, then hitting and getting away. Before him it appears to have been toe-to-toe work or downright hammering.

It was Broughton who was first to recognize the disastrous effect of a blow on the diaphragm or solar plexus, and as a result of the frequent use of this punch it became known as "Broughton's Mark." It remained, however, for Bob Fitzsimmons to develop the blow and bring it into prominence in the modern era by putting Corbett down for the count with such a punch in their championship bout at Carson City in 1897.

To Broughton's pupil, Hunt, goes the honor of introducing unconsciously the first features of modern footwork. He was a small fellow and was compelled to beat his adversaries by other methods than by standing toe to toe with them and swapping blows. He discovered that he could best avoid their smashes and hurricane attacks by stepping backward and sideways, and thus started the use of footwork.

By this time the fighters were beginning to think and experiment. The art had emerged from the cradle and was commencing to toddle. But, alas! as in other things, the pendulum had yet to swing back, and for some time the game was on its knees and unable to rise, for after the time of Broughton and his successor, Jack Slack, despicable dishonesty crept into the sport and the championship constantly changed hands—a fat sum of money, in fact, being all that was necessary to secure it.

This, of course, lost to boxing the support of the English sportsmen, and as a natural result the boxing sport weakened perceptibly. Boxing for a time was reduced to almost the same low level of Figg's time, and it was not until the ascension to the throne of Tom Johnson, 1784, that the atmosphere was purged and pugilism again started on an uphill journey.

It was about fifty years after boxing first came to the fore that it was placed upon a high plane. It was then that a young Spanish Jew, Daniel Mendoza by name, rose to fistic fame and carried the pugilistic banner to heights never before attained. He was by far the cleverest man who took up the game of boxing as a vocation and he did much in all respects to accelerate the progress of the art.

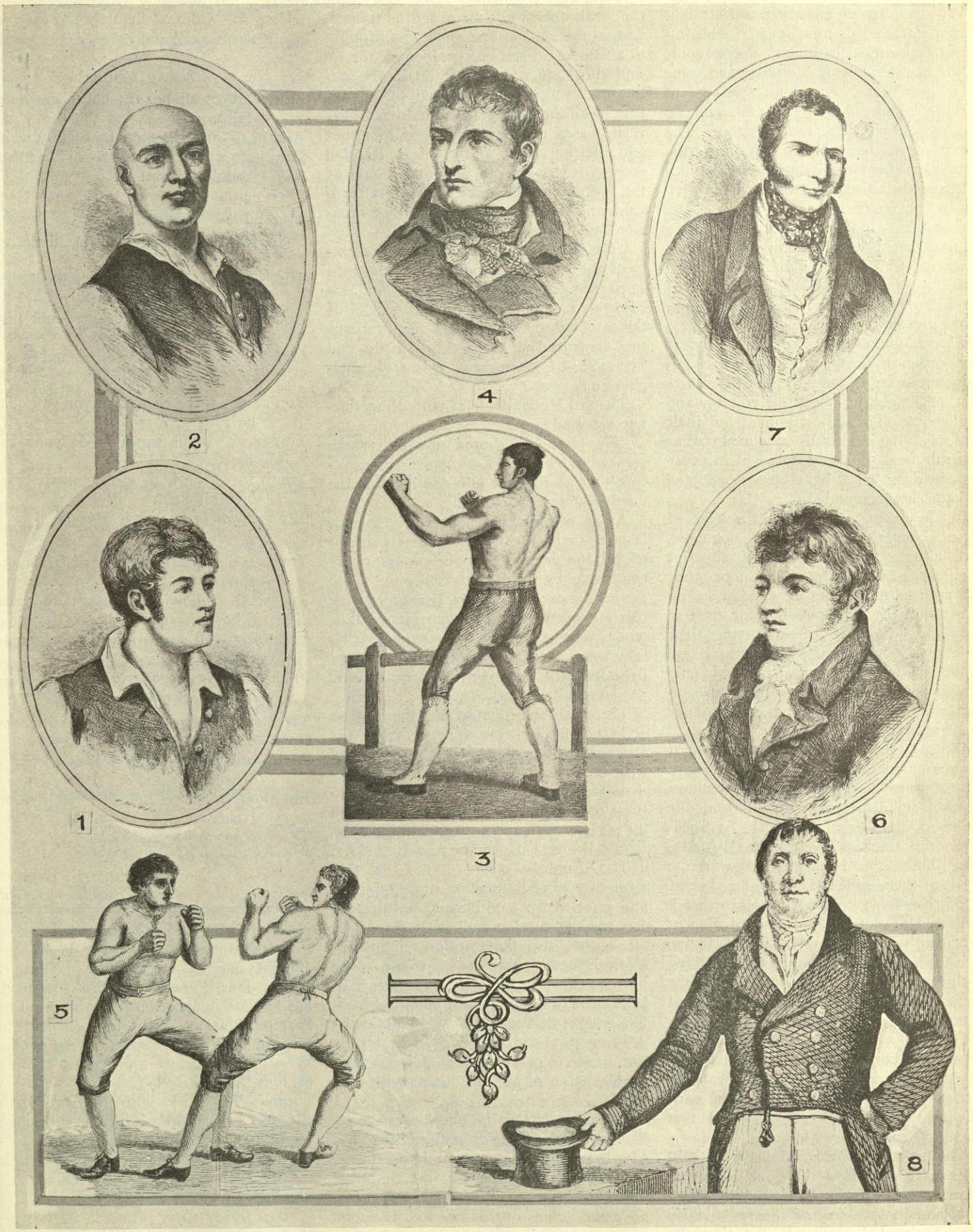
Mendoza, a great master of defensive tactics, invented many new methods of blocking and parrying, but he had one great fault—he was all defense and his blows were rather of the pit-pat (from shoulder or from the elbow) type.

His faults, however, were remedied by the great "Gentleman" John Jackson who according to ring history, was the real inventor of straight and therefore swift hitting.

It was in 1788 that John Jackson appeared on the fistic horizon, and with him the art of boxing reached a perfection never before attained. Space forbids our going into details of the various improvements effected by this or that pugilist on Jackson's principles. Jem Belcher, Hen Pearce, John Gully, Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Jem Ward, Dutch Sam, Jack Randall and others contributed to bring the science of boxing to its present perfect state, as exemplified in the master craftsman, Jem Mace.

For instance, Dutch Sam invented the uppercut, Tom Cribb, introduced milling on the retreat, and other pugilists excelled in or brought into prominence some particular hit or stop which, combined,

THEY PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN DEVELOPING STYLES IN BOXING



1—*Hen Pearce, The Game Chicken* (1803-1805)
2—*Jack Broughton* (1734-1750)
3—*Thomas Cribb* (1805-1820)
4—*James Belcher* (1798-1809)
5—*Daniel Mendoza (left) and George Humphries* (1790)
6—*John Gulley* (1815)
7—*Samuel Elias, Dutch Sam* (1801-1814)
8—*Gentleman John Jackson* (1788-1795)

form what we now call the English style of boxing.

With the art of guarding and straight hitting introduced, Jem Belcher, who followed Jackson as champion, adopted some of the mannerisms of Mendoza and some of Jackson's and became an able student of both attack and defence, although he was more for attack than defence. The advent of Belcher marks an epoch in fistic history, the combination of clever defence with speedy attack, and was another step toward perfection.

Going back to the formation of science, we find that its principles emanated from different schools, as illustrated by the various exponents of the latter half of the eighteenth century. In the first place, travelling in those days was of course difficult and expensive, so much so that if any section of England possessed a championship aspirant, the fighters of that section, never getting about the country and seeing any other able exponent but their own local men, naturally imagined that as he could beat them his style was in every respect ideal, hence his style was adopted and a "school" founded.

In the second place, the disciples of these schools were stupidly dogmatic, and although methods quite superior might be brought before their notice they still refused to forsake their old style. So even where it was possible for men to have the advantage of improving their style, as science advanced, they rarely did so, and indeed, for the most part, it only tended to make them more ardent supporters of their clans and cling tighter to their leader.

Hence we find that the principles of science emanated from different schools. There were the Hebrew or Mendoza school, the Broughton school and the Bristol or Belcherian school, the Staffordshire, the Lancashire and the Birmingham. These schools, or methods, were the result of the absence of a recognized style.

Of the Hebrew school we learn that it consisted of defence more than offence; guarding and stopping with the elbow, wrist, forearm and upper arm and taking such excessive precautions as to cause the boxer to lack speed and the power of aggression.

On the other hand, the Belcherian school was composed more of attack than defence. His methods were hard, quick, straight hitting and, for the most part, offensive work, not defensive, as was that of Mendoza.

The Birmingham method was considered in the days of Tom Hickman, about 1820, as more ferocious than scientific, and in speaking of the redoubtable "Gas," the "Fancy" tells us that the method or style of Hickman was a small modification of the Staffordshire and Lancashire methods.

Now the best features of each of these schools were permanently retained while the weak ones were discarded as useless, and so the complete science was brought to a wonderful state of perfection, for we find the style of Jack Randall, the unbeaten "Nonpareil" consisted of a mixture of all the styles. It is true that it was really based on the methods of Mendoza and Belcher, but, nevertheless Randall seemed to be able to introduce some of the features of the Lancashire, Staffordshire and Birmingham schools when occasion demanded. Of him we read:—

"The system of Randall partakes mostly of the Hebrew school. * * * His neat steps are decidedly Mendozian, and his celebrated "shots" are from the school of the same master hand. His quick returns may be traced up to Belcher's mode, and his mode of getting away is truly Belcherian."

Then of Randall's fight with New Turner we read:—

"He (Randall) bored down his man somewhat after the Lancashire mode, except that he did not bow his head as the north country people do."

At last our goal is reached. The science is perfected. We have the best features of all the many "schools" wonderfully combined by such exponents as Tom Spring, Jem Ward, Jack Randall, Dick Curtis, Owen Swift and Jem Mace, all of whom were so extraordinarily clever that they were able to engage in bare knuckled fights with the best men of their day and yet emerged unscathed.

There can be no doubt that the English style of boxing was formed from the Belcher and Mendoza methods, combined with the principles introduced by Gentleman Jackson and a few of the best features of the other schools, and perfection by such exponents as Randall, Belcher, Cribb, Ward, Curtis, Mace and others.

The English style teaches us that straight hitting is quicker, more effective and safer than round hitting, and that the feet must be used as well as the hands. It teaches us also that straight in-and-out work is superior to loose, round, open movements; that the upper arms are to be kept close to the body and not spread out like wings; that we must avoid a blow by ducking the head to the right or left in preference to parrying or stopping, as this enables us to return or counter with both hands.

It teaches us that footwork must be relied on for defence for avoiding the rush of a heavier or more powerful opponent; to judge distance accurately; to strike when we are at such a distance from an adversary that our blow will have its greatest possible effect; to use our arms, legs and bodies in such a way as to obtain the greatest amount of force; to lengthen our reach, the distance from our head to the fist, when the arm is nearly extended, by twisting the body from the hips and adding the width of shoulder; to vary our manner of attack and defence.

Being Good

Come hither all boxers both heavy and light,
And gaze on this lesson I feelingly write.
'Tis just a brief motto all scrappers should frame:
"You've got to be good to be good in your game!"

Some look with misgiving on all the restraint
That goes with clean living and playing the saint,
And you may kick, too, but you'll find, just the same,
"You've got to be good to be good in your game!"

You've got to be clean and you've got to be square,
You've got to be eager to do your full share,
Youth loves the high spots, but the wise men all claim
"You're got to be good to be good in your game!"

Youth seeks its full measure of frolic and fun
But while following pleasure no great deeds are done.
Whatever you are, if you're eager to shine,
"You've got to be good to be good in your line!"

The straight, narrow path! 'Tis irksome to tread it
And youth in the main will consistently dread it.
But though I'm no preacher nor deacon I claim
"You've got to be good to be good in your game!"

WILLIAM F. KIRK.
—N. Y. Evening Journal.

The Fighting Cocks of the Ring

(*Continued from page* 14)

Coulon and a fourth title holder if Harry Harris's claims were sustained, has had a monopoly on the bantamweight championship. With Joe Burman in the running the metropolis of the middle West has a chance of adding another bantam king to its list.

But New York with Midget Smith and Joe Lynch, New Orleans with Pete Herman, and Cleveland with Carl Tremaine, certainly will do their durnedest to prevent Chicago from realizing its dreams.

And Jersey City, proud in its possession of Johnny Buff, the present ruler of the bantamweight roost, says:

"Here's to King Johnny! Long may he reign!"

State Regulation of Billiards Unnecessary

EVERYWHERE through the United States there is a movement stirring to regulate the conduct of billiards by legislation that will mean practically the destruction of the business end of it. The agitators remember the stigma that was once attached to the old-fashioned "pool room," and they are making capital of it.

That same old-fashioned "pool room" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. There may be a few in existence today, but the association of room keepers in New York city and in other cities is working hard to eradicate the evil entirely. The game today is a game of gentlemen and not of thugs. One might draw the parallel between billiards and boxing of a generation ago and of today as that of the day of bare knuckle prize-fighting and the day of the pool shark.

The bare knuckle fighter has gone and the crooks and gamblers that once governed the Queensberry doings have disappeared in favor of gatherings which represent the best elements of society. Could you imagine a woman going out to one of those battles where the ring was pitched in some out of the way place and the two fighters went to a finish? But now Mrs. Astor, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Hearst and other women prominent in the social and philanthropic world enjoy seeing a good bout.

The writer saw billiard matches a good many years back, and he can't recall seeing many women among the spectators. Go to one of the big matches today and look around the house and see how many you will find. Women are not likely to attend a sporting event where there is a vicious element present. We can recall writing a boxing story not so many years ago where the chief sensation was created through the fact that a young woman dressed in her brother's clothing attended. Billiards of twenty or thirty years ago were about in the same position. Times have changed for both sports.

But outside of the sporting phase of the cue game, let us remind our readers that it is a big industry. When prohibition became a fact there were an enormous number of men thrown out of work. The distillers and brewers were not the ones hit hardest. The glass making industry, the coopers who made the barrels, the printers who made the labels, the men who drove wagons, the hostlers, the chauffeurs, the ice men, the poor porters who could do nothing else were all sufferers. Cabinet makers, who earned a living by making fixtures, chefs who cooked for the lunches and innumerable others were forced to find something else to do.

If billiards is to go, and it will go if the blue law fellows have their way, there will be another host added to the army of the unemployed. In New York alone there are 3,600 rooms, with an average of five tables to a room.

Maurice Daly told the writer that it takes fifty patrons to support a table. Each one of these tables represent an investment of $500. Throughout the country it is estimated that there are 125,000 tables. If you use the multiplication table it will be easy to figure just how many persons are interested in the game. The big business comes Sunday when the law-abiding citizen seeks recreation. Also this same law-abiding citizen may like to play the game without a curfew law, but he can't if the bluenoses have their way.

If the reformers put over legislation which will throttle the industry, it will mean thousands of persons thrown out into the cold world to try to find some other means of support.

The argument that interest or proficiency in the game of billiards is the evidence of a misspent youth is refuted pretty well by some of the men who still keep an active interest in the game and are very respected citizens. Tim Flynn, who is still running a room where some of the biggest men in the financial district congregate, is eighty. Tom Foley, of Chicago, is just the same. Maurice Daly is now seventy-three. Mike Scanlon, of Washington, admits to seventy-five and George Slosson to seventy-four.

Tom Gallagher, who is still an alert and active writer, as well as a first class player, is somewhere between seventy and ninety, and he has yet to wear his first overcoat. A. F. Troescher, head of the Brunswick - Balke - Collender Company, will be eighty in August, and "Uncle Joe" Thum has drifted beyond the three-score and ten period. These are only a few gleaned off-hand whom billiards did not seem to injure much physically or mentally.

Boxing Decisions and the Announcer

JOE HUMPHRIES, clarion-voiced announcer, who officiates in Madison Square Garden, and who has introduced more celebrities at fistic encounters than any man in America, has asked THE RING to make a special appeal for him to its readers.

Says Joe: "There seems to be a wrong impression among the thousands of boxing fans in New York City regarding the announcement of decisions rendered by duly appointed officials of the State Athletic Commission. When a contest is staged under commission rule the law specifically states that the decisions shall be rendered by a referee and two judges and these judges and referee shall signify their decision on a slip given them by the commission.

"These slips shall then be collected by the announcer who is instructed to take the marked slip from one judge first, then from the referee and finally from the second judge. The announcer must then, in the presence of the spectators, look over these slips, see how the officials decided and make his announcement in public.

"The announcer has absolutely nothing to do with the rendering of the verdict. If two judges decide one way and the referee another, the decision of the two judges is the official one. The same holds true if the referee and one judge decide in favor of one of the contestants or of a draw. A majority decision in favor of one boxer automatically gives him the verdict. If each of the three officials decide differently, the official decision is a draw.

"A word to the wise is sufficient. The announcer is only human. Treat him fairly. He should not be booed, hissed and be the recipient of catcalls simply because he is doing his official duty. Cooperate with him. Be true sportsmen by accepting the verdict of the officials, all of whom are honest, fearless men who render their decision impartially. The announcer is prohibited from making public either to the spectators or to the newspapers the manner in which each official voted, but a desire of any one to learn this, may be gratified by paying a visit to the State Athletic Commission, where the secretary will cheerfully show the interested spectator the slips and the manner in which the verdict was reached."

THE RING supplements Mr. Humphries's appeal by reminding those in the habit of hissing that their method of disapproval cannot change the verdict and that the judges and referee are far closer to the combatants than are those who question the decision, hence are more likely to give the proper verdict.

Is Harry Greb an Underrated Fighter?

IS Harry Greb an underrated fighter? This is a question that has been argued pro and con in Eastern boxing circles since the defeat of Tom Gibbons by the Pittsburgh Kangeroo. The contention of most experts who saw Harry whip Gibbons in Madison Square Garden is that the Pittsburgher is one of the most flashy boxers seen in the roped arena in the last decade, but as for punishing ability he possesses little.

There might be some justification for this assertion, but, judging from the appearance of most of his opponents immediately following a contest with him, Harry seems to carry quite a nifty wallop. It must be remembered that George Engel, manager of Greb, did not hesitate to sign a contract for a bout with Tommy Gibbons at a time when the sporting world proclaimed Tom the only white man capable of giving Dempsey a real battle.

If, as has been repeatedly remarked by some Eastern critics, Harry is a game, flashy battler whose punches are harmless, it seems inconceivable that as cagy a manager of fighters as Engel would permit himself to be inveigled into a fight with a "knockout" artist such as Gibbons. Harry has shown his mettle against the greatest battlers in the middleweight and light heavyweight divisions and stands now as the leader of both classes in this country with the possible exception of the champion, Gene Tunney and the man whom Carpentier has ducked, Jeff Smith. Tunney and Smith are the only two men in this country who at present stand a chance of whipping Greb, though, in the opinion of the writer, Greb is the master of both and will annex the world's title if ever he gets a crack at Carpentier.

In conjunction with the last statement it is interesting to note what Johnny Coulon, former world's bantam champion, has to say on this subject:

"After winning the flyweight championship of France a year ago by defeating Emile Julire, I went on an exhibition tour with Georges Carpentier. During that tour I did my weight-lifting stunt and gave some boxing exhibitions with Georges. I found Georges an admirable fellow, a fine sportsman and a prince of a fellow.

"I have the greatest admiration for Carpentier and we are firm friends, but I believe that there are at least three men in this country besides Dempsey who can whip Georges, and two of them are Tommy Gibbons and Harry Greb. The American people really do not know what great fighters Gibbons and Greb are. I think both have been vastly underrated. I did not expect Greb would beat Gibbons, for I really believed Gibbons the second greatest battler in America, but now that Tommy was whipped by Greb I feel more convinced than ever that if Carpentier and Greb get together America will have the world's light heavyweight champion.

"Incidentally, I might add that Carpentier informed me he positively will come to this country during the summer and box for Tex Rickard."

Pugilistic Rhythm

The Unknown

They called him a bum and a set-up,
A hick and a poor little tramp;
They said it was first degree slaughter
To let him go in with the champ.

Why, all he could do would be take it,
No doubt the poor devil was game,
But to see the poor guy cut to pieces—
Well, darn it all—it was a shame!

The champ was too good for a novice,
There'd be but a sock and a smack,
A round and the thing would be over,
With the poor sucker flat on his back.

The champ was a one-two-three fighter,
He hit like a battering ram;
When good men were mowed down like wheat-stems
What chance in the world had a "ham"?

The bell rang—they pitied the victim,
They howled for the poor under dog,
And waited the sight of the champ's mighty right
That would drop him as cold as a log.

The gang in the gallery was nervous,
The crowd at the ringside was tense;
The press boys who wrote called the thing a huge joke—
"Who matched them," they said, "had no sense!"

For an instant those two gleaming bodies
Swayed on the ring's resined floor,
While the mob in the pit and the gallery
Shrieked with caveman-like frenzy for gore.

The champion was leading the fighting,
He smiled with a debonair air;
With his left he would poke the face of the bloke.
But the bum was still strong at the sound of the gong,
And finished the round on his feet.

The champion began to get angry,
And started to snort and to tear,
But try as he might with his good sturdy right,
At the end the poor tramp was still there.

But, bo, what's the use o' prolonging
The story—it's happened before—
The glove of the tramp—well, it struck the great champ—
And he fell with a thud on the floor.

So they called the poor bum a great champion,
And they will—till along comes a tramp
Who'll upset all the dope by being the bloke
To beat the invincible champ.

—*Thornton Fisher,*
N. Y. Evening World.

The Gym Champ

He had speed, and a punch, and a brain,
And a build that had Hercules stopped;
When he came on the gym floor to train
We could picture the champion flopped.

He was fast as the aero mail
As he flitted about at his stunts;
Every blow that he hit was a whale,
As was proved by the target's loud grunts.

He was there seven ways from the ace.
"He's got everything!" so we announced.
And he sure set a cyclonic pace
As each new proffered victim he trounced.

"He's got everything!" so we announced,
So we thought, 'til he climbed in the ring
With the champ and was terribly trounced—
Then we knew that he hadn't a thing.

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One-Minute RESTS Between Rounds

By UPPERCUT

Lew Diamond, who resurrected and helped make Johnny Buff a double champion, believes he has the successor to Benny Leonard in the rejuvenated Johnny Drummie, also a Jersey City product. Diamond has Drummie matched with Johnny Darcy in the Garden and the folks who put down the shekels will see a slam bang affair. Lew points with pride to Drummie's record.

He boxed three ten rounders with Leonard, had it out twice apiece with Benny Valger and Mel Coogan and more than held his own with Eddie Fitzsimmons, Willie Jackson, Dundee and Johnny Mendelsohn.

While discussing Diamond, Buff and Drummie, we take the liberty of handing Frank Hague, mayor of Jersey City, a bit of a boost. The political boss of Hudson County is a great boxing enthusiast and naturally he is the best booster the mitt artists have across the Hudson. Hague helped Tex Rickard to promote the Dempsey-Carpentier affair last year and he made the reformers run to cover when they tried to stop the historic battle. He acted as advisor to Rickard and kept him in good humor when things looked bad.

They say over in Jersey City that Mayor Hague used to swing a wicked mitt when he was a youngster and his favorite sport was boxing. He saw Buff grow up and boosted him when some others thought Johnny hadn't the makings of a champion. Another great favorite of the mayor's was Frankie Burns who first made fistic history for that thriving little burg. It was Hague who suggested to Rickard that he stage a bantamweight titular bout between Buff and Pete Herman and it is no secret that Frank's trip to New York was rewarded with several thousand shekels for he had his boys grab up all the 4 to 1 bets in sight. Hague and his cohorts made enough out of Buff's victory to keep the old wolf away for many months.

Ryan sure is a fightin' name. Frank Ryan, the latest middleweight sensation of Brooklyn, who has been knocking 'em over among the amateurs under the nom de ring of "Buddy" Ryan, found this out when he applied for his license to box as a professional. There was a Buddy Ryan licensed. Also there was a Frankie. Eke there was a Tommy. So Francis Thomas R. "Buddy" Ryan must box in New York under the name of "Jack" Ryan.

Luis Firpo, the South American heavyweight sensation, paid his first visit to Madison Square Garden on Good Friday afternoon. He was accompanied by his secretary, Jose Guin, and a friend. Firpo had a long talk with matchmaker Frank Flournoy concerning the possibility of meeting some good man in the amphitheatre when it reopens next September. Flournoy said Firpo is an intelligent chap, carries himself like a gentleman and talked more about the sights in New York than fighting. The Argentine pride allowed his secretary to discuss his ring affairs. Firpo introduced himself by a letter written by Dr. Louis P. O'Farrell, Tex Rickard's lawyer in South American business affairs. Flournoy made the foreigner's visit as pleasant as he could and introduced him to the boys. Firpo's eyes fell on the wall pictures of Dempsey and Willard and stood there admiring them for some minutes. He inquired after Joe Walcott and Joe Gans after scanning a cartoon on them reposing on Flournoy's desk.

Firpo, under the watchful eye of Jimmy Deforest, one of America's greatest trainers of fighters, is sure to rise to pugilistic fame.

Tom McGinty, the Cleveland promoter and manager, writes interestingly to The Ring concerning his three proteges, Danny Frush whom he purchased from Sammy Harris, and Jack (Kid) Wolfe and Vincent Pokorni, a welter. Tom waxes enthusiastic over Frush's chances of beating Johnny Kilbane if the featherweight king gives him a return bout. McGinty believes he has the makings of another titleholder in the bespectacled Wolfe. Frush made his New York debut on May 5 against Tony Caponi in Madison Square Garden. On April 24 he boxed Jack Lawlor in Cincinnati.

"My certified check for $10,000 to bind a match with Johnny Dundee is still on deposit," reads part of McGinty's epistle, "but so far the bounding Italian has turned a deaf ear to all attempts to get him to sign." Wolfe boxed Bernie Hahn at Chillicothe, Ohio, April 18. McGinty is anxious to sign Wolfe with Buff. Porkoni recently whipped Pat Carney, at Toledo. Tom is trying to induce either Britton or Shade to give his charge a chance.

Jimmy Kelley, promoter of the Clermont Rink, Brooklyn, and former part manager of Willie Spencer and Pepper Martin, gave the New York scribes a dinner April 16, at his spaghetti emporium, 181 Sullivan Street. He entertained fifty of the boys. All are still raving about the eats and ????

Floyd Fitzsimmons, the Michigan promoter, was in New York for several days last month. First he saw Jack Dempsey and his party off to Europe and then made the rounds of the various promoters and managers' offices. The man who put on the Leonard-White and Dempsey-Miske title bouts at Benton Harbor said before leaving that he had practically clinched a match between Bill Brennan and Dempsey at Benton Harbor and possibly Leonard against Charley White at Michigan City, Ind.

Fitz and Dempsey are great pals, so much so that the heavyweight champion always stretches a point for him. Before leaving Benton Harbor where he knocked out Miske in three rounds, for which he received $50,000 or more for his services, he (Dempsey) made a present of his high-priced automobile to Mrs. Fitzsimmons. He didn't like to drag the thing around. Fitz intends to stage the Brennan-Dempsey affair next Labor Day.

Tex Rickard recently enjoyed his first vacation in years at Bermuda. Mrs. Rickard accompanied the dynamic promoter to the land of sunshine, onions, etc. Included in the party was Mrs. Frank Flournoy. At last reports they were having the time of their lives between fishing and swimming. During his absence Frank Coultry directed the thousand and one things in the Garden.

It is pretty certain that Eugene Criqui, the French bantam champion, who knocked out Charley Ledoux several weeks ago, will come to America and meet Johnny Buff in an open air arena. It will be remembered that Ledoux gave Buff a hard fight before he went back home; you never can tell how the dope will swing.

Matt Hinkel sends word from Cleveland that the big boxing auditorium in that city will be ready to accommodate big matches the latter part of this month. The first show will be held for the American Legion. Matt says he would like to see Downey box Johnny Wilson there for the championship.

Everex Hammer, a Chicago lightweight, is very anxious to show in New York. He has written some of his friends to get him a match. Hammer has fought them all, Benny Leonard down the line.

Johnny Keyes is waging an intense campaign on behalf of Pepper Martin to get him a bout with champion Kilbane. Keyes has plastered the country with press material and is hopeful that when the Clevelander returns from abroad he will recognize that Pepper is a worthy opponent and a wonderful drawing card. Keyes says Kilbane must sooner or later sign the articles. Pepper hasn't lost a scrap since he went under the management of Keyes. He fouled Sammy Sieger recently but unintentionally. Martin will be glad to meet Sieger in a return match any time to prove he is Sieger's master.

Dick Curley, who was a considerable promoter during the Frawley Law days, is doing very nicely in Chicago in business. They say he has a fat bankroll and may never return to New York.

Tom O'Rourke and Walter Hooke, boxing commissioners, are tireless workers. They see to it that everything is conducted on the up and up as regards bouts in this city. Couldn't have picked better men. Both know the game from A to Z.

Jack McCarron, the veteran Allentown middleweight has made a successful comeback after a layoff of nearly a year. Since his return he has defeated Jack Loney, knocked out Frankie McQuire in the tenth round and gained decisions over Leo Leonard and Herman Miller.

Charley Harvey also has a genuine fighter in his wild Irishman from Australia, Fighting Ned Fitzgerald, who is going to make this country his permanent home. Fitzgerald has fought Willie Jackson, Pete Hartley, and other high-class lightweights and although he weighs only 130 pounds, is more than eager to give away weight and box anybody up to 135 pounds. Fitzgerald does not want a match with Benny Leonard but does want a chance to meet the best in the lightweight division outside of the champion. Fitzgerald is of the tearing-in, slugging type of fighter who always pleases the boxing fans. Manager Harvey is now arranging for a contest between Fitzgerald and Johnny Dundee.

Paddy Mullins, manager of Harry Wills and Mike O'Dowd, has issued a challenge to Johnny Wilson on behalf of Mike. Paddy sent a telegram to Marty Killilea, manager of the champion, in response to which he received the following reply:

"Nothing would suit Wilson better than to take O'Dowd into camp again. We will not agree to box Mike for nothing but Wilson will consider any fair terms for such a battle and I will bet $25,000 that the champion will give Mike a worse beating than he did on St. Patrick's Day in New York. Mullins knows that Wilson is barred from boxing in Boston, all of which is not our fault. Therefore challenging at this time means nothing."

Johnny Bennett, the Pacific Coast lightweight, is now making his home in New York City. Johnny is training almost daily in a Harlem gymnasium for a busy spring and summer campaign. Bennett comes to the east with a good reputation as a battler, a clever boxer and a heavy hitter. He is a product of the Navy School of Boxing.

Sammy Nable, the clever east side bantam, has been boxing, first as an amateur and then as a professional, for over three years, but it has only been during the last six months that he has received the recognition a lad of his frequently demonstrated ability justly deserves.

Jack Sharkey is going great guns again. Satisfied that the Roaring Forties is not all that it's cracked up to be for an ambitious boxer, Jack shooed away to Hot Springs to try and get back in the condition which made him a sensation around New York a year ago. Luck returned to Jack and he managed to get some surplus weight off and clear his eyes for some fights.

Right off the reel he whipped Willie Spencer—he had considerable weight on the aggressive little bantam—and then the clever Sammy Nable into camp in twelve bristling rounds.

Joe Wagner, Sharkey's manager, wants to refute the intimation made in some quarters that Sharkey will henceforth confine his activities in the featherweight division. Joe claims he will get Jack down to 118 pounds by a slow process and then set sail after Buff, Lynch, Smith and Herman. Little Jack is a great showman and we'd hate to see him skid off the right path again. He has had his lesson and we hope that he will listen to Wagner and perhaps become the leading contender for the championship.

Fay Keiser, the thumping Cumberland light heavyweight, followed in the footsteps of his manager, Ike Dorgan, and rushed a sweet and dainty Maryland belle to the altar one day last month. When Issy returned from his honeymoon at Bermuda he found a letter from Keiser laying on his desk. "If you had nerve enough to take the pledge why shouldn't I," began Keiser's letter. "I have found the girl I love and I'm going to get married. This finish match will force me to stay in the background for several weeks. Incidentally my bad hand is healing. I will be ready to continue where I left off with Jack Reeves around June. Congratulations."

Leo Flynn hopes to pay off the war debt. Uncle Sam says Leo is the best little income tax payer he has. The silver-haired manager has so much business for his stable that he can't sleep nights. He had a few hours off one day last month and gave his time away to an ambitious painter who put Leo's gray locks and stubby nose and shaved countenance into many colors.

One morning Leo forgot all about the painting and as he arose from bed his eyes fell on the picture. He thought he saw something and hollered for help. "I never realized I was so good looking until I got a forgotten look at the picture," said Flynn, "and now I'm satisfied I could make a corking lover in the movies."

Leo is the busiest man outside of our president but, they say, he collects more than our Washington boss. For instance, he has Dave Shade hopping around the country lke a mad deer grabbing all the shekels in sight and winning all his fights. Panama Joe Gans is going good again for Leo as is Clonie Tait, Pete Hartley, Bobby Michaels and so on down the line.

To show his heart is in the right place Leo press agents the fights his boys participate in for the various out-of-town promoters. Leo is extending his activities in the south and recently appointed Joe Cox to run an office for him in New Orleans.

Both Charley White and Harry Greb want to box decision contests with champions Leonard and Gene Tunney, respectively. They wanted to stage a White-Leonard no-decision somewhere in the west but White's manager, Ike Dorgan, turned down the offer, saying he would rather his charge face Benny around New York somewhere in the summer. George Engle claims he received several offers for Greb to meet Tunney in the Jersey City arena but turned them down preferring to have the recent conqueror of Tom Gibbons swap punches with the light heavyweight titleholder in either Madison Square Garden or one of the open air arenas in Gotham.

After grooming his nineteen-year-old brother Joe for three years, Benny Leonard announces that he is ready to tackle some of the top-notchers so that when he is ready to retire Joe can step in and defend his lightweight laurels. The writer saw Joe in fighting togs back in 1909 when Benny was training for an important contest and ventured the opinion that some day the youngster would make good. Billy Gibson believes the time is opportune now for Benny's brother to show his wares and he is as confident as the champion that Joe will keep the title in the Leonard household. Charley Leonard tried his darnedest to make good in the pro ranks, after he had shown considerable promise in the amateur ranks, but he fell by the wayside and retired himself in the tire business.

Jimmy Dougherty, the Leipersville, Pa., sportsman, is going daffy over his protege, the slam bang Bobby Barrett. Jim says he isn't anxious to show his man in New York because he gets big enough purses in Philly and the route is only eight rounds. "What could be sweeter," says Dougherty.

Barrett sprung into the pugilistic limelight several weeks ago when he knocked out Hymie Gold. Jim vouchsafes the information that Barrett is a heavy Terry McGovern, and that in due time he will knock the lightweight contenders into the discard. Dougherty should know a good fighter when he sees one because he has been in the game for 25 years. His last important assignment was as referee of the Dempsey-Miske bout at Benton Harbor.

"Didn't I call the turn on Beckett beating Cook," queried Jack McAuliffe the other day when he paid another visit to the Ring sanctum. Jack gave us some more pictures of the English heavyweight and before he left declared that Joe will make things interesting for Jack Dempsey if the latter elects to fight one bout in England before he leaves there.

Frankie Casale is press agenting Benny Valger to the skies but he can't get much action for the flashy featherweight.

Joe Jacobs, manager of Mike McTigue, appears to be the whole works in Montreal fistiana. He says that he is going to promote several championships in the swift Canadian town and is still harping on a McTigue-Wilson bout. Joe is a hustler and he may prove to be a success as a promoter.

Phil Lewis chronicles that when Bartley Madden returns he will be glad to match him with Bill Brennan.

Bill McCarney is back with Jimmy Bronson directing the pugilistic destinies of Bob Martin, McCarney has Martin showing in the sticks again and he will not match him with the topnotchers until he is absolutely sound in body. Bill is a corker as an advance man and he'll get plenty of dough around the small town if there's any in sight. McCarney had Luther McCarty all set for the heavyweight championship when fate took Luther west. McCarney helped Bronson make Martin a possible opponent for Dempsey but they had a falling out and Martin was forced to take a back seat. Bill liked Martin nevertheless and lost a small fortune on the former soldier when Bill Brennan left hooked him to defeat. McCarney also managed Charley Weinert but he claims the Newarker became unmanageable and Bill took a walk.

Clarence Gillespie is sticking tight to Brooklyn these days cashing in some "good things." There was a time you couldn't keep Gil over there because he had so many things running wild for him in Gotham but since taking to the horse game he has thrown down his New York pals. Yet Clarence is giving his featherweight-doctor boxer Harvey Bright, some attention as the doctor-battler is a big asset to Gillespie.

Al Weill is trying hard to get a return match with Jack Sharkey. Al has also some other good boys in his stable.

Doc Bagley expects to swing Willie Jackson into action soon. He is harping on another match with Charley White. The Doc is quite a busy fellow with his great string of fighters.

Dan McKetrick has several good offers for Babe Herman and he will show him around the country just as soon as the Babe is ready to perform. McKetrick was the busiest little fellow in seven states helping Dempsey and Kearns to pack. Dan's second name is Dapper and he saw to it that Dempsey and Kearns had the right sort of clothes to wear in the different European towns for Dan years ago used to be the fashion plate in Paris.

John Snyder wants to put on a few shows in Cumberland, Md. He has written for services of Charley White and Bill Brennan to oppose formidable opponents.

Four shows will be run off in the Garden before the swimming pool is reopened on June 3. Jim Eustis is manager of the pool.

Charley Jones is getting plenty of work for his bantamweight prospect, Louis Guglielmini. Guglielmini is one of the classiest boys in the gamecock division.

Jeff Smith, Bayonne's crack boxer, who has in the last year won referee's decisions over Harry Foley, Andy Palmer and Jimmy Darcy, knocked out Frankie Fleming and Joe White and twice held Harry Greb to a draw, is ready to meet any of the topnotchers in both the middle and light heavyweight classes. Smith has been on the trail of Champions Johnny Wilson and Gene Tunney and also has been chasing Bryan Downey and Young Fisher but has not succeeded in clinching a bout despite the fact several promoters have endeavored to sign them up with Smith. Smith offered to show at the Jack Dillon benefit in Indianapolis May 10 and pay his own expenses provided the promoters could obtain as an opponent Wilson, Tunney or Downey.

Gene Delmont, who recently fought Rocky Kansas in a fifteen round bout in Buffalo, is open to meet any of the 130-135 pounders. Al Lippe, Delmont's manager, is anxious to match Gene with Johnny Dundee, junior lightweight champion.

Frankie Brown, the New York featherweight, stands ready to meet any of the 126-130 pounders. Brown has met them all and never fails to give a good account of himself.

Buffalo Boxing News

By EDWARD TRANTER

Rocky Kansas, Buffalo's crack lightweight contender, is being flooded with offers from big promoters throughout the country. Frank Flournoy, matchmaker of the Madison Square Garden Sporting club, has been dickering with Manager Dan Rogers in regard to an early May appearance of Kansas against Bobby Barrett, the newest Philadelphia lightweight sensation, who knocked out Johnny Mealy and then stopped Hymie Gold in brief and sensational fashion. The Kansas camp is ready to take on Barrett, providing Bobby

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makes the legitimate lightweight mark of 135 pounds at 2 o'clock. Barrett, according to private advices received up-state, is a big fellow and usually scales around 140 pounds.

Philadelphia promoters are begging Rocky Kansas to take on Lew Tendler, the Quaker City southpaw, for an open air bout in May. Kansas once received an official decision over Tendler in Madison Square Garden, much to the dismay of Lew and his manager, Phil Glassman, and much to the chagrin of Tendler's thousands of Philadelphia admirers. The main ambition of Tendler is to whip Kansas in a return battle so that he can again step forward as the logical challenger for Benney Leonard's title. The bout in Philadelphia would draw a $100,000 gate.

Frank Mulkern, Milwaukee promoter, wants Kansas to meet Charlie White of Chicago, while Roy Green, Boston impresario, has offered Rocky a contest with Johnny Dundee.

Frankie Schoell's recent win over Jack Perry, Pittsburgh welterweight, a duplication of a triumph scored a month ago, while not an impressive one, indicates the progress this fine young welterweight of Buffalo is making. Schoell surprised Fistiana not so long ago by gaining an official decision over Dave Shade of California. Schoell is tall, rangy and has a fast left hand. He is constantly picking up fistic knowledge through an abundance of experience and should be perched near the top in the not distant future.

Jimmy Goodrich, junior lightweight, stepped into the calcium on April 4 at Toronto, Ont., when he held off the junior lightweight king, Johnny Dundee, for ten rounds and proved so aggressive and ambitious that one judge declared for a draw, one for Dundee, while the referee favored the champion.

Goodrich is a clever little boxer, strong for his size, and carries a snappy left hook, with a pretty right cross. His future looks exceedingly bright if he is properly guided.

The middleweight ambitions of one Jack Loney, a Canadian suburbanite, were smashed to smithereens a short time ago when Jack McCarron of Allentown, Pa., came on to score a knockout in three rounds. Loney's jaw was fractured.

The newest boxing bantam sensation in these parts is Terry McHugh, Al Lippe's crack protege. McHugh has appeared thrice in Buffalo and scored victories each time. Efforts are being made by local promoters to match McHugh with Midget Smith or Joe Lynch.

Phil Logan, Buffalo-Jamestown junior, who whipped Eddie Walsh of Yonkers in the semi-final to the recent Leonard-Kansas title bout, has won four contests since. He has scored over Chubby Brown, Rochester; Young Henny, Pittsburgh; Ralph Brady of Syracuse and last week exploded a bombshell by whipping Gene Delmont of Brooklyn in handy fashion. Logan is a champion in the making.

Bob Tracey, featherweight, is the most promising boy of his weight in these parts.

Benny Ross, formerly of the Dan McKetrick string, is taking on weight and is displaying a fine knowledge of boxing. He has won his recent contest with comparative ease.

Buddy Merritt, a rather new boxer, with a little more schooling, will make a name for himself.

Heavyweights are scarce in Buffalo. The only promising one Buffalo had, Mike Conroy, went by the boards at the hands of Bartley Madden.

Philadelphia Notes

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Philadelphia North American

Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, former matchmaker at the Olympia A. A. and Bobby Gunniss, will conduct open air boxing shows at the Phillies' Ball Park this summer. They closed the deal recently and expect to get started with a big show late this month or early in June. One of Taylor's pet matches for the outdoor season will be to try and bring Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia lightweight ace and Rocky Kansas of Buffalo, together. They have not met since Kansas gained the decision over Tendler in New York.

Tim Droney, the Lancaster lightweight, has been doing a lot of his training at Manayunk, about six miles from Philadelphia. Droney has been kept busy with work the past season and will be seen in a number of outdoor shows.

Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights lightweight sensation, who gained considerable fame when he knocked out Hymie Gold and sent the latter back to the Pacific Coast, has been on the sidelines for awhile with bad feet. Manager Jimmy Dougherty is seeing to it that the pocket edition of Bob Fitzgerald gets all the best of attention. Dougherty has had offers from all over the country for Barrett but will not let him work again until he is right in the "pink."

Johnny Leonard, of Allentown, featherweight champion of Pennsylvania, is on the trail of the 126 pounders.

K. O. Willie Loughlin, South Bethlehem, Pa., welterweight, after being out of commission with a pair of injured hands again is ready to meet the cream of the boys in the division. Loughlin put up several hard battles with Champion Benny Leonard.

Terry McHugh, of Allentown, Pennsylvania's bantamweight champion, who offered to give Champion Johnny Buff $30,000 to give him a crack at Buff's crown but was turned down, is anxious to face any of the leading warriors. McHugh wants no suckers but is after Joe Lynch, Jack Sharkey, Young Montreal, Carl Tremaine, Sammy Nable, Joe Burman, Roy Moore, Midget Smith and Pete Herman.

Johnny McLaughlin, from the Smoky Hollow fighting section of Philadelphia, has been boxing in the west and south. He recently won on a foul from Tillie Kid Herman in the eighth round of a bout staged at Houston, Texas.

Chick Allman, the Toledo bantamweight will take up his headquarters in Philadelphia the latter part of the month. Frankie Dailey has sent on word that Allman will make a lot of trouble for all the bantams in this section.

Open air bouts at Shibe Park will be put on again but not before the latter part of May. With the Phillies and Athletics parks in use again, and shows at the Ice Palace, Cambria and an occasional attraction at the National A. C., Philadelphians are assured of plenty of boxing during the hot months.

Johnny Shearn, is a promising 120 pounder in the Philadelphia ranks. Shearn has been camping on the trail of George Tulley for a return bout. They collided in a recent show at the Ice Palace.

Mike Credell has placed himself under the management of Willis Britt and the latter is issuing a defi to any of the 145 pounders.

Benny Berris, the Chicago featherweight, who jumped into local fame when he subbed at the Ice Palace, is well pleased with the boxing mart in and around Philadelphia. He says he will continue to stay here.

One of the feature bouts to be put on at one of the local ball parks during the summer will have Johnny Dundee, the veteran New Yorker and Harry (Kid) Brown in the windup. Brown slipped a trifle in his bout with Young Reno, of Trenton, but is fast getting back in his old time form.

Jimmy Fruzettti, the New England boxer, has invaded Philadelphia, and is on the war path for bouts. Fruzetti has met some of the best 128-32 pounders in the counary.

Pete Moran has taken over the management of Jimmy Sacco, the New England lightweight, who is residing in Philadelphia. Moran is angling for a match with Harry (Kid) Brown.

Joe Mendell, who has appeared in many fights in Philadelphia and vicinity, has moved to Brooklyn. Mendell's home is in the Quaker City.

Jack Palmer, Philadelphia's contender for the welterweight title, has won his last two bout contests with Mickey Walker and Pete Latzo. Palmer is anxious to take a fling with Dave Shade, Billy Ryan or Jack Britton and has also offered a return match with Walker.

Tommy Murray, Philadelphia bantamweight who has had some sensational bouts with champion Johnny Buff, Battling Mack, Billy Devine, Johnny Brown, Johnny Rosner and others is now out to meet the best in the bantamweight class, including Joe Lynch, Joe Burman, Frankie Jerome and even champion Buff again.

Boxing nights at the Ice Palace have been changed from Tuesday to Thursday for the remainder of the season. The Palace under the management of Geo. W. Pawling, has been going big all season.

Harry Grant, a fighting electrician from West Philadelphia, is training hard and expects to get started against some good little fellow soon.

Leon Rains, president of the Olympia A. A. will make a trip to England this summer, as a vacation. If there are any big bouts on the continent, Leon is likely to be there.

Tommy O'Brien and Ernie Goozeman having made good in Australia, and having completed their contracts are back in America. Goozeman was a most popular boy in Australia and left many friends behind him. O'Brien did not share this popularity mainly on account of his hot-headedness and (at times) foolish antics in the ring.

Harry Stone is still an active member of the great order of fistic stars in Australia. His favorite saying is, "Fighters may come and fighters may go, but Harry Stone goes on forever." It certainly seems so. After O'Brien had cleaned up Hill, Holmes, Llew Edwards, and almost got a decision over Godfrey (who beat him on a foul), he went to Melbourne, and there Nemesis in the shape of "Hop" Harry clutched him in the rear. Tommy lost on points.

Quite a bunch of small boys are showing remarkable form in Sydney and Melbourne, according to the Sydney Referee. The most prominent of these lads are Les Waters and Reg Pollard. Pollard was one of the kids who used to hang around the door in the hope of getting in for nothing if he gave an exhibition. He boxed "try-outs" for months and so impressed with his form that he was matched up. He is now the second best flyweight in Sydney and in line for important events in the near future.

Every English and American mail brings hundreds of letters from boxers anxious to make the trip to Australia. Jack Munro invites any strong boys with a punch, who can travel over the twenty-round distance, to write him at the Stadium, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, Australia. Feathers and lightweights are in particular request.

Manager Jack Munro is now seeking for world's champions. He wants managers or fighters in the championship ranks to get into immediate touch with him regarding Australia. Men in all ranks, from fly to middleweight are invited to write in. Some big things are in course of preparation and big money is waiting champs and near-champs in Australia.

Eugene Criqui, the bantam champion of Europe, who stopped Charlie Ledoux in one round recently, is coming out to Australia again. He cleaned up everyone he met here a year ago. He has been offered a fresh contract and is expected here about May.

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Results of Bouts
MARCH

30—Fall River (Casino A. C.):
Jack Delancy beat Jack Stone 10 rds.
Young Donohue knocked out Joe Pete, 3 rds.

30—New Bedford, Mass. (Elm Rink):
Harry Mitchell beat K. O. Elkins, 10 rds.

30—Hot Springs:
Jack Eile and Willie Ramsey, draw, 10 rds.

30—Hamilton, Can.:
Chris. Newton knocked out Irish Kennedy, 6 rds.
Tiger Smith beat Dave Berkowitz, 6 rds.

30—Mansfield, Ohio:
Joe White knocked out Gus Camp, 6 rds.

30—East Liverpool:
Mike Moran beat Scotty Raeburn, 8 rds.
Young Jitney beat Johnny Fundy, 8 rds.
Young Sweeney knocked out Chick O'Donnell, 2 rds.

30—Wheeling:
Johnny Gallagher beat Johnny (Kid) Bennett, 10 rds.
Mickey Finnegan beat Johnny Wise, 6 rds.
Kid Muegge beat Cotton Miller, 4 rds.

30—Milwaukee:
Eddie Walsh beat Tommy Neary, 6 rds.
Joey Sanger beat Jean McClaire, 6 rds.
Jack O'Toole beat Tony Lukes, 4 rds.

30—Youngstown, Ohio:
Jimmy Jones beat Johnny Tillman, 12 rds.
George Parr beat Red Connelly, 8 rds.
Jimmy Muchio knocked out Al White, 5 rds.

31—102d Medical Regt. Arm'ry:
Benny McCoy knocked out Jimmy Mack, 8 rds.
Sonny Cashin knocked out Tommy Baker, 1 rd.

31—London:
Albert Lloyd won on foul from Soldier Horace Jones, 10 rds.

31—Peoria, Ill.:
Pal Moore beat Herbie Schaeffer, 10 rds.
Jack Phillips beat Pat Walsh, 8 rds.

31—Providence:
Andy Chaney beat Freddie Jacks, 12 rds.

31—Washington C. H., Ohio:
Jakie Merman beat Bill Bailey, 10 rds.

31—Scranton, Pa.:
Joe Quinn and Jack Perry, draw, 10 rds.
Al Wise knocked out Jack Farrell, 2 rds.
Billy Calpin knocked out Young Brady, 3 rds.

31—Harrison, N. J.:
Harry Martone beat Knockout Johnson, 12 rds.

APRIL

1—Brooklyn (Rink Sptg. Club):
Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Dutch Brandt, 12 rds.
Babe Herman beat Eddie Brady, 12 rds.
Andy Thomas knocked out Pete Moore, 1 rd.
Mickey Dougherty beat Johnny Levine, 6 rds.

1—N.Y. (15th Regt. Armry.):
Marty Silvers and Johnny Clark, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Stearns beat Johnny Farrell, 10 rds.

1—Philadelphia:
Joe Leitz beat Tommy Devlin, 8 rds.
Pedro Compro knocked out Harry Lau, 2 rds.
Johnny Klaus beat Frankie (K. O.) Smith, 6 rds.
Joe Martin beat Jimmy McGovern, 6 rds.
George Kirsch knocked out Bert Smith, 3 rds.

1—Springfield, Ohio:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Young Dennis, 4 rds.

1—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Harvey Bright beat Frankie Farmer, 10 rds.

1—Hazleton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo and Jack Palmer, draw, 10 rds.

1—Newark, N. J.:
Buck Josephs beat Johnny Russell, 8 rds.

1—Brockton, Mass. (Olympic A. C.):
Harry Carlson beat Willie Gradwell, 10 rds.

1—Salem, Mass.:
Eddie Mahoney beat Thomas Corbley, 10 rds.

1—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Red Chapman beat Young Gardiner, 10 rds.

1—Detroit, Mich.:
Joe Burman beat Sammy Sandow, 10 rds.

1—Portsmouth, Ohio:
Frankie Bowinkle and Young Webb, draw, 10 rds.

1—Erie, Pa.:
Al Corbett beat Young Ross, 10 rds.
Freddie Thompson beat Dutch Carney, 6 rds.
Young Xeny beat Jack Dalton, 6 rds.

1—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Stewart McLean beat Earl Puryear, 10 rds.
Chuck Lambert beat Leo Stokes, 10 rds.

1—Green Bay, Wis.:
Tommy Comiskey and Johnny Nuss, draw, 10 rds.

1—Battle Creek, Mich.:
Buck McCrum beat Frankie Jumatti, 10 rds.

2—N. Y. (Commonwealth Sptg. Club):
Frankie Jerome beat Frankie Daly, 12 rds.
Jimmy Kelly beat Phil Bloom, 12 rds.
Johnny Gunning and Benny Lind, draw, 10 rds.

2—N. Y .(9th Co't Def. Army.):
Frankie Fay beat Al Triano, 12 rds.
Bobby Doyle and Jackie Mellow, draw, 12 rds.
Fred De Veto beat Battling Paddy, 4 rds.
Al West beat Kid Roberts, 6 rds.

2—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Willie Garber and Willie Daney, draw, 10 rds
Jackie Coburn beat Young Frankie Nelson, 10 rds.
Pete Williams beat Eddie Carroll, 10 rds.

2—Bklyn. (47th Regt. Armory.):
Joey Silvers beat Pimmy Barry, 10 rds.
Johnny Herman knocked out Sailor Whitey, 6 rds.
Harlem Eddie Smith and Joe Fox, draw, 10 rds.

2—Philadelphia (Natl. A. C.):
Babe Herman beat Kid Wagner, 8 rds.
Joe Jackson beat Pete Hoban, 8 rds.
Apache Rodgers knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, 3 rds.
Jack Perry and Frankie Conway, draw, 6 rds.
Johnny Gibbons beat Willie Moore, 6 rds.

2—North Hudson Arena, Jersey City:
Freddie Reese beat Chick Rogers, 12 rds.

2—Meriden, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Hughey Hutchison, 12 rds.

3—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Tommy McAleer and Italian Joe Gans, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Nable beat Happy Gorman, 12 rds.
Vic McLaughlin and Abe Wolpin, draw, 8 rds.
Murray Bressler beat Battling Devaney, 6 rds.

3—N. Y. (Star Sporting Club):
Abe Friedman beat Frankie Curry 12 rds.
Eddie Crozier beat Jack Zivic, 9 rds., when latter injured shoulder.
Tommy Milton and Jimmy Jackson, draw, 10 rds.

3—Staten Island (Brighton Boxing Club):
Willie Curry beat Mike Cangro, 12 rds.
Gene Smith won from Martin Egan, 3 rds., on a foul.

3—Phila. (Olympic A. C.):
Joe Tiplitz beat Johnny Mealy, 8 rds.
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Joe Reno, 8 rds.
Ad Stone knocked out Chaley Boyd, 4 rds.
Buddy Fitzgerald beat Jimmy Merino, 6 rds.
Earl Hartman beat Harry Burke, 6 rds.

3—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Frankie Britt beat Jim Hosie, 8 rds.
Ray Mitchell knocked out Jackie Bahel, 7 rds.
Benny Bass beat Jack Lester, 8 rds.
Tommy Wilson knocked out Mickey Brooks, 7 rds.
Young Joe Bradley beat George Hess, 6 rds.

3—Pittsburgh (Motor Square Garden):
Ray Pryel beat Dick De Sanders, 10 rds.

3—Cincinnati:
Billy Ryan beat Johnny Wolgast, 10 rds.

3—Lynn, Mass.:
Micky Travers beat Dick Loadman, 10 rds.
Battling McCreary beat Eddie Record, 10 rds.

3—Baltimore:
Tony Caponi beat Frankie Rice, 12 rds.

3—Lorain, Ohio:
Joe Peppers and Dick Colbert, draw, 10 rds.

3—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Pedro Campo beat Bobby Robideau, 6 rds.
Onion Kranick beat Battling Bitting, 6 rds.
Dubel Henry knocked out Young Woodward, 1 rd.
Joe Miller beat Sergeant Robertson, 6 rds.
George Kerns beat Kid Balthasar, 6 rds.

3—Marion, Ohio:
Don Bowsher won from Eddie Mullaney, 6 rds. on a foul.

3—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Eddie Hayes beat K O Sullivan, 10 rds.
Danny Gordon beat Battling Reddy, 8 rds.
Tommy MacDonald beat Joey Ray, 6 rds.
Young Bike lost on foul to Young Toney, 2 rds.

3—Zanesville, Ohio:
Billy Britton beat Johnny Klesch, 12 rds.

3—York, Pa.:
"Dugout" Johnson knocked out Battling Barnes, 4 rds.
Eddie Ochs beat Jack Helman, 6 rds.
Kid Decker knocked out Andy Cunn, 4 rds.
Henry Wilson knocked out Shamrock, 2 rds.

3—New Bedford, Mass.:
Frankie Britt beat Freddy Jacks, 10 rds.

3—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Hugh Walker and Harry Krohn, draw, 10 rds.

3—New Orleans:
Harry Foley knocked out Charley Weinert, 2 rds.

3—St. Louis:
Patsy Flanagan beat Joe Schwartz, 12 rds.

3—Trenton (Arena A. C.):
Johnny Murray beat Battling Johnson, 6 rds.

3—Boston, Mass. (Carlyle A. C.):
Paddy Flynn beat Chick Miller, 2 rds.
Red Chapman beat Mike Castle, 8 rds.

4—New York (Pioneer A. C.):
Augie Ratner beat Jackie Clarke, 12 rds.
Louis Guglielmini and Joe Clifford, draw, 10 rds.
Frank Powers beat Frankie Carpenter, 8 rds.
Pete August beat Milton Weiss, 6 rds.

4—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Louis Firpo knocked out Joe McCann, 5 rds.
Jimmy Gordon beat Eddie Burke, 8 rds.
Willie Ferguson knocked out Young Drew, 8 rds.

4—Boston:
Dave Shade beat Nate Seigel, 10 rds.

4—Toronto:
Johnny Dundee beat Jimmy Goodrich, 10 rds.

4—Holyoke, Mass.:
Captain Bob Roper knocked out Pat McNaney, 4 rds.
Chic Clark knocked out Bricky Calvin, 3 rds.

4—Chicago:
Ever Hammer knocked out Maxey Green, 5 rds.

4—Allentown, Pa.:
Mel Coogan beat Al Murphy, 10 rds.
Frank Yarchan and Sailor Tommy Billiard, draw, 10 rds.
Billy Schupp beat Joe Leonard, 6 rds.
Bud Weider knocked out Buck Midget, 1 rd.
Bobby Allen knocked out Kid Swanne, 3 rds.

4—Reading, Pa.:
Danny Rogers beat Piedro Campo, 8 rds.
Joe McCabe beat Jimmy Jordan, 8 rds.
Young Denelo beat Bobby Burke, 6 rds.
Billy Brown knocked out Kid Gobbler, 3 rds.
Pinkey Green beat Mike Otello, 6 rds.

4—Providence, R. I.:
Jimmy Cooney and Tommy Noble, draw, 10 rds.

4—Portland, Me. (Pine Tree A. C.):
Louis Hamlin beat Ruby Cohen, 12 rds.

5—Minerville, Pa.:
Young Ketchel knocked out Young Joe Dempsey, 7 rds.
K. O. Brown beat Buster Brown, 6 rds.
Battling Sapski and Kid Dundee, draw, 4 rds.
Young Belmont and Young Griffo, 6 rds.

5—Phoenixville, Pa.:
Battling Gausch beat K. O. Wagner, 8 rds.
Young McGovern and Eddie McCabe, draw, 6 rds.
Babe Marino and Bud Harvey, draw, 4 rds.
K. O. Shoemaker and Tony Marino, draw, 4 rds.
Kid Lewis beat Battling Campbell, 4 rds.
Kid Montana and K. O. Sherle Linfield, draw, 4 rds.

6—Philadelphia Ice Palace:
Tommy Loughran beat Frank Carbone, 8 rds.
Earl France knocked out Jimmy Murphy, 5 rds.
Jimmy Mendo and Sammy Nable, draw, 8 rds.
Benny Berrish beat Buddy Fitzgerald, 6 rds.
Johnny Shearon beat George Tully, 6 rds.

6—Passaic (Hamilton A. A.):
Tommy Stapleton beat Irish Fagan, 6 rds.
Jimmy Lewis beat Jimmy Proto, 10 rds.

6—New York (102 Medical Regiment Armory):
Dominic Selveido and Young Diamond, draw, 12 rds.
Denny Lyons and Johnny Lazz, draw, 8 rds.

6—Yonkers (Columbus Sporting Club):
Jack Bernstein knocked out Young Eddy, 9 rds.
Willie Davis beat Jack Gritz, 10 rds.

6—Mariesville, R. I.:
Soldier Bartfield knocked out Mike Morley, 5 rds.

6—Dayton, Ohio:
"Tut" Jackson knocked out Sam Langford, 5 rds.

6—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat Al Brown, 10 rds.

6—McKeesport, Pa.:
Jack Perry knocked out Mike Kearney, 4 rds.
Dick Conlon beat Young Mulligan, 6 rds.
K. O. Ferry defeated Vincent Celmar, 6 rds.
Mike Urick beat Sammy Tarzan, 6 rds.

6—Providence, R. I.:
Soldier Bartfield knocked out Mike Morley, 5 rds.

7—Jersey City (4th Regiment Armory):
Mike McTigue knocked out Billy Beckett, 3 rds.
Al Denny beat Georgie Myers, 4 rds.

7—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Art Madden and Red McDonald, draw, 10 rds.

7—Milwaukee:
Tommy O'Brien knocked out Tony Dennis, 1 rd.
Pinky Mitchell beat Pal Moran, 10 rds.
Jack O'Toole beat Eddie Boehme, 8 rds.

7—Grand Rapids:
Fred Fulton knocked out Homer Smith, 7 rds.

7—Philadelphia:
Battling Murray beat Al Diamond, 8 rds.
Johnny Baxter beat Johnny Rice, 8 rds.

7—Boston:
Young Montreal beat Jabez White, 10 rds.
Abe Goldstein beat Johnny Sheppard, 10 rds.
Danny Edwards beat Roy Moore, 10 rds.
Joey Miller beat Paddy Owens, 6 rds.

7—Woonsocket:
Pal Reed knocked out Soldier Frank, 2 rds.
Louis Corbert beat Eddie Parker, 8 rds.

7—Chicago:
Sammy Mandell lost on foul to Willie Spencer, 5 rds.
Battling Williams and Johnny O'Brien, draw, 6 rds.
Patsy Rocco beat Gene Logan, 6 rds.

7—Lima, Ohio:
Jakie Gross knocked out Willie Devore, 2 rds.

7—New York (15th Infantry Armory):
Bobby Saunders beat Eddie Smith, 12 rds.

7—Worcester, Mass:
Tommy Leahy beat Sailor Byron, 10 rds.

7—Elgin, Ill.:
Jack Blackburn beat Calvin Respress, 10 rds.

7—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Johnny Russell beat Kid Wills, 10 rds.

8—St. Paul:
Mike Gibbons knocked out Battling Ortega, 1 rd.

8—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Eddie Kelly beat Tony Lyons, 12 rds.
Harry London beat Frankie Daly, 12 rds.

8—Brooklyn (Rink Sporting Club):
Joe Lynch beat Harry Martin, 12 rds.
Johnny Murray beat "Red Cap" Wilson, 12 rds.

8—Ninth Regiment Armory:
George Ashe beat Sailor Joe Carroll, 15 rds.
Jerry Martin beat Frankie Maher, 6 rds.

8—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Happy Mahoney beat Johnny Dohan, 12 rds.
Frankie Crozier knocked out Eddie White, 6 rds.

8—Philadelphia (National A. A.):
Phil Salvador beat Archie Walker, 8 rds.
Pete Hoban beat Young Borrell, 8 rds.
Pat Bradley beat Johnny Hart, 6 rds.
Lew McFarland beat Jack Darcy, 6 rds.
K. O. Leonard and Al Nelson, draw, 6 rds.

8—Brooklyn (47th Regiment Armory):
Young Otto knocked out Jim Fagin, 2 rds.
Marty Silvers beat Midget Sully, 12 rds.

10—Detroit (Moose A. C.):
Panama Joe Gans and Jamaica Kid, draw, 10 rds.

10—Bridgeport:
Pete August knocked out Johnny Griffin, 4 rds.
Jack Delaney beat Hugh Ross, 15 rds.

10—Cincinnati:
Young Denny beat Anthony Downey, 10 rds.

10—New York (Star Sporting Club):
Jimmy O'Gatty knocked out Moe Herscovitch, 3 rds.
Packey O'Gatty and Jack Hausner, draw, 12 rds.
George Fox beat Joe Weber, 12 rds.

10—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Charley Pitts won from Lew Tendler on a foul, 7 rds.
Nick Foley beat Sammy Stearns, 10 rds.
Young Hurley knocked out Artie Downs, 4 rds.
Jimmy Tendro and Jack Elliott, draw, 6 rds.

10—Pittsburgh (Motor Square Garden):
Gene Tunney knocked out Jack Burke, 9 rds.
Patsy Young beat Johnny Pollock, 6 rds.
Bull Miller beat Irish Gorgas, 6 rds.
Jackie Fromme and Kewpie Ring, draw, 6 rds.

10—London:
George Cook lost to Joe Beckett (disqualified), 6 rds.

10—Youngstown, Ohio:
Billy Miske knocked out Billy Shade, 2 rds.
Dick Mette beat Joe Rehor, 8 rds.
Al White knocked out Harry Rith, 4 rds.
Leo Carmon beat Jimmy Mack, 4 rds.
Joe Matthews knocked out Battle Ax Graham, 1 rd

10—Montreal:
Bermondsey Billy Wells beat Jack Thomas, 10 rds.
Johnny Brown beat Georges Girardin, 10 rds.

10—New Orleans:
Pete Hartley beat Basile Galiano, 12 rds.

10—Buffalo:
Frankie Schoell beat Jack Perry, 15 rds.
Harry Raskin beat Roy McFarland, 6 rds.
Harry White and K. O. Mueller, draw, 6 rds.

10—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Al Verbecken beat Vennie Lopez, 8 rds.
Bobby Wolgast beat Al Gordon, 8 rds.
Buddy Daley beat Bobby Wilson, 8 rds.
Bobby Robideau beat Young Peter Jackson, 6 rds.
Marty Burns and Bobby O'Keefe, draw, 6 rds.

10—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Billy Gannon knocked out Harry Ochs, 7 rds.
Billy O'Doyle beat Pete Husic, 8 rds.
Ralph Repman beat Al Keith, 6 rds.
Fred Harvath knocked out Buck Young, 1 rd.
Little Lion knocked out Mikey McCann, 4 rds.

10—Columbus, Ohio:
Chuck Wiggins knocked out Ted Block, 5 rds.
Brockie Chapman and Johnny Pepper, draw, 10 rds.

10—Sandusky, Ohio:
Pat Carney beat Charley Scherer, 10 rds.

10—Lynn, Mass.:
Kid Kaplan beat Dick Russell, 10 rds.

11—Galveston, Texas:
Tony Caponi and K. O. Mars, draw, 12 rds.

11—Fall River, Mass. (Casino A. C.):
Chick Suggs beat Danny Edwards, 10 rds.

11—New York (Pioneer A. C.):
Jack Sharkey beat Sammy Nable, 12 rds.
Mike Carrier knocked out Jack Redmond, 2 rds.
Mike Arra beat Lew Tenner, 10 rds.
Joe Reid beat Frankie Julian, 6 rds.

11—Paris:
Eugene Criqui knocked out Ben Callicott, 3 rds.

11—Boston:
Terry Martin beat Joe Lynch, 10 rds.
Jimmy Amato beat Mike Paulson, 10 rds.

12—Tulsa, Okla:
Capt. Bob Roper won on a foul from Carl Morris, 3 rds.

12—Seattle, Wash:
Bobby Michaels knocked out Joe Harrahan, 3 rds.

13—102 Medical Regiment Armory:
Tony Marto beat Georgie Bush, 12 rds.
Charley Ticker and Dan Daly bout stopped in sixth round by referee on ground Daly was not in condition.

13—Hartford, Conn.:
Jimmy Kelly knocked out Mike Morley, 2 rds.

13—Carlisle, Pa. (Carlisle Barracks):
Ivory Esheiman knocked out Dugout Johnson, 4 rds.

15—New York (Ninth Coast Defense Armory):
Johnny (Kid) Holmes beat Pete Hayes, 12 rds.
Henry Catena knocked out Midget Sully, 6 rds.
Jimmy Barry and Joe Paul, draw, 6 rds.
Kid Roberts beat Willie Hannigan, 6 rds.
Frankie Fay beat Joe Farrow, 4 rds.

15—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Lew McFarland beat Red Cap Wilson, 12 rds.
Charley Small beat Lew Yeager, 10 rds.
Joe Clemons beat Al Burman, 6 rds.
George Fitzsimmons beat Mickey O'Dowd, 4 rds.

15—Brooklyn (Rink Sporting Club):
Archie Walker beat Freddie Welsh, 10 rds.

15—Brooklyn (Forty - Seventh Regiment Armory):
Young Michaels and Joe Glick, draw, 12 rds.
Joey Silvers beat Young Littman, 12 rds.

15—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Danny Lee beat Young Montreal, 12 rds.
Willie Fentour beat Al Boyle, 12 rds.
Phil Rosenberg and Al Tiernan, draw, 6 rds.

17—Dayton, Ohio:
Tut Jackson knocked out Rough House Ware, 1 rd.

17—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie Shannon beat Benny Becker, 12 rds.

17—Lancaster, Pa.:
Leo Houck beat Lewis Schupp, 8 rds.
Joe McCabe beat Johnny Krause, 6 rds.
Eddie Ochs beat Billy Ryan, 6 rds.
Kid Stone won on foul from Battling Dundee, 3 rds.

17—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Kid Sullivan beat Harvey Bright, 12 rds.
Johnny Gannon beat Billy Metz, 10 rds.
Danny Pearl beat Young Eppy, 6 rds.
Jimmy Reese knocked out Sammy Bell, 3 rds.

17—Staten Island (Brighton Boxing Club):
Willie Curry and Mickey Cangro, draw, 12 rds.
Jim Lewis beat Billy Baxter, 8 rds.
Willie Ford and Willie Bradley, draw, 4 rds.

17—Philadelphia (Olympia A. A.):
Lew Tendler beat Tom Droney, 8 rds.
Clonie Tait beat Pep O'Brien, 6 rds.
Ray Mitchell beat George Russell, 6 rds.
Al Monohan beat Johnny Mayhook, 6 rds.

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Should Women Attend Boxing Matches?

Should women be permitted to see boxing bouts?

THE RING in its first two issues had several articles by women writers who praised the modern methods of conducting boxing bouts and declared that the "weaker sex" enjoy a good fight as much as do the men folk.

As a result of these articles the editor of THE RING received three letters from women into whose hands this magazine fell, in which these women take issue with our writers in declaring "amusement places where boxing bouts are being staged are no places for decent women to visit."

One of the women comes forth with the query, "Why should women attend boxing bouts?"

This question has been asked of sporting writers so often it is difficult to keep a count. The answer invariably given to such a query is that equal suffrage has given women the same rights as men, and that with these rights goes the right to visit fights, smoke and do anything that the male species is permitted to enjoy.

Some women object to having members of their sex attend bouts, but for each one of these there are ten other well-bred women who think it strictly proper to attend boxing matches. Here in New York, for instance, there are almost as many women who see a championship fight in Madison Square Garden as there are men, and included among these women are some of the leaders of society and some of the children of America's most distinguished families. The Roosevelts and Morgan family, as an example.

Recently the daughter of a great financier was interviewed the day following a big bout in Madison Square Garden. She was one of those present who saw Benny Leonard knock out Ritchie Mitchell.

"How did you feel about seeing that fight?" she was asked by the writer.

"Well, I first thought that a boxing show was no place for a decent woman and I really hesitated about going. But as the fight was for charity I attended and I'm not in the least sorry. Boxing has gained a convert in me, for from now on I shall attend, if time will permit, every championship fight staged in Madison Square Garden.

"I have changed my mind. The show was conducted as well as any opera I ever have attended. Every man in the place conducted himself gentlemanly, and if that is what may be seen at all fights then I shall always be in favor of the sport. The presence of so many women had a wonderful effect on the men patrons and I must say that their gentlemanly behavior was more than I had expected, judging from the reports I always had heard about the ruffians who attend boxing bouts.

"Women attending a bout for the first time naturally are timid, but that feeling soon wears off and they become just as enthusiastic over a good boxing contest as are the men. There are many places, I suppose, where I should not want to attend a match, but in places where the contests are as well conducted as in most of the clubs in Greater New York I see no reason why women should not become patrons of the sport. It all depends on how the show is conducted."

17—Freeport, L. I. (Freeport Sporting Club):
Wolf Larsen knocked out Joe Pledge, 9 rds.
Sandy Taylor and Bud Spratley, draw, 12 rds.
Johnny Winters knocked out Tommy Hayes, 2 rds.
Joe White beat Joe Downey, 8 rds.
Alex Norvecky beat Frankie Nessler, 8 rds.
Oscar Koff beat Mickey O'Dowd, 8 rds.

17—Holyoke, Mass.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Mickey Travis, 10 rds.
Joe Melito beat Dark Cloud, 10 rds.

17—Milwaukee:
Ever Hammer beat Eddie Boeheme, 10 rds.
Eddie Welch beat Barney Griffin, 8 rds.

17—Boston:
Jock Malone beat Pat Walsh, 10 rds.

17—Springfield, Ill.:
Billy Britton and Johnny Klesch, draw, 10 rds.

17—Montreal:
Johnny Brown beat Paul Demers, 10 rds.

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RESULTS OF AMATEUR BOXING BOUTS NATIONAL A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIPS

Boston, Mass., April 18
FINAL BOUTS

112 Pound Class
T. P. McManus, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, defeated Harry Marcus, Cleveland A. C., 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
Sid Terris, Rutgers Gym, defeated Louis Raddy, Cleveland A. C., 3 rds.

126 Pound Class
George Fifield, Riverside A. C., Toronto, defeated Ernie Sawyer, Boston, 3 rds.

147 Pound Class
Harry Simmons, Gary, Ind., defeated Buster Ryan, St. Jerome A. C., New York, 3 rds.

160 Pound Class
William Antrobus, Trinity Club, New York, defeated Homer Robinson, Morgan House, Pittsburgh, 3 rds.

175 Pound Class
Charlie McKenna, St. Alphonsus A. C., New York, knocked out Homer Robinson, Morgan House, Pittsburgh, 2nd rd.

Heavyweight Class
John Williams, Olympic Club, San Francisco, defeated Gordon Munce, Pastime A. C., New York, 3 rds.

Boston, Mass., April 18
Semi-Final Bouts

112 Pound Class
Harry Marcus, Cleveland A. C., knocked out Ray Alfano, East St. Louis, Ill., 4th rd.
T. H. McManus, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, defeated James Moore, Roxbury, Mass., 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
Sid Terris, Rutgers Gym, New York, defeated Ted Blodgett, G. E. A. C., Lynn, Mass, 3 rds.
Louis Raddy, Cleveland, defeated Jack Johnston, Riverside A. C., Toronto, 3 rds.

126 Pound Class
George Fifield, Riverside A. C., Toronto, defeated John Morello, East Boston, 3 rds.
Ernie Sawyer, Boston, defeated Billie Linder, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, 3 rds.

135 Pound Class
Joe Ryan, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, defeated Albert Rollio, Trinity Club, New York, 3 rds.
Eddie Williams, East Boston, defeated Walter Dellamore, Olympic Club, San Francisco, 3 rds.

147 Pound Class
Buster Ryan, St. Jerome A. C., New York defeated S. Sordello, Boston, 3 rds.
Harry Simmons, Y. M. C. A., Gary Ill., defeated Eddie Waters, K. of C., Boston, 3 rds.

160 Pound Class
Homer Robinson, Morgan House, Pittsburgh, knocked out Bunny Feeney, St. Jerome A. C., New York, 1 rd.
William Antrobus, Trinity Club, New York, defeated Alex Bush, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., 3 rds.

175 Pound Class
Homer Robinson, Morgan House, Pittsburgh, knocked out Frank Koeble, National A. C., New York, 3 rds.
Charlie McKenna, St. Alphonsus Club, defeated Ed. Eagan, Harvard Law School, 3 rds.

New York A. C., April 16

110 Pound Class
Robert Tweedale, Y. M. C. A., defeated Louis Meyers, unattached, knocked out Oscar Mielief, Clark House A. A., 1 rd.

110 Pound Class—Second Draw
Jimmy Frucht, College Settlement, defeated Jack Williams, Holywood Inn A. C., 4 rds.
Ben Wolstadler, Trinity Club, defeated Peter Sardelis, Boys' Club, 3 rds.
Johnny Breslin, John F. McCourt Association, knocked out Charles Schoean in 1 rd.
Bob Renderly, unattached, defeated Robert Tweedale, Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.

120 Pound Class
Fred Terle, unattached, defeated Rocco Napoli, St. James A. A., 3 rds.

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Jack Feldman, unattached, defeated Johnny Brown, Roaming A. C., 3 rds.

130 Pound Class

Sam Winne, Henry St. Settlement, defeated Sam Atleman, Bronxville Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.

130 Pound Class

Sam Winnie, Henry St. Settlement, defeated Salvatore Mastropolo, unattached, 2 rds.

John Casey, Paulist A. C., defeated Harry Smith, Clark House, A. A., 1 rd.

Ben Nabers, Glencoe A. C., defeated Mike Stipeo, Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.

Pat Sullivan, St. James A. C., defeated Irving Saffier, unattached, 1 rd.

140 Pound Class

Dave Colton, Y. M. H. A., defeated Billy Sorenson, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.

Buckley Lyons, Union Settlement A. C., knocked out Harry Olson, unattached, 1 rd.

140 Pound Class—Second Draw

Albert Vallado, unattached, knocked out Mike Moskowitz, unattached, 3 rds.

Unison Club at Commonwealth, S. C., April 7

112 Pound Class

John Reggie, Montauk A. C., defeated Luke Eagan, unattached, 3 rds.

Murray Layton, Clark House A. A., defeated Joe Maloni, Glencoe A. C., 3 rds.

Final Bout

Murray Layton, Clark House A. A., defeated John Reggie, Montauk A. C., 3 rds.

112 Pound Class—Special Bout

Leroy Powell, St. Christopher A. C., defeated Joe Maloni, Glencoe A. C., 3 rds.

128 Pound Class

I. Falkenstein, 92nd Street Y. M. H. A., defeated Joe Scappatone, unattached, 3 rds.

138 Pound Class

Dave Weber, Pastime A. C., defeated Melvin Layne, St. Christopher A. C., 1 rd.

138 Pound Class—Final Bout

Sidney Burt, Bronxdale A. C., defeated Dave Weber, Pastime A. A., 3 rds.

160 Pound Class

John Kerr, Bronxdale A. C., defeated Sol Jacobs, Clark House A. A., 3 rds.

Al Neiman, Springfield A. C., defeated Charles Smith, Lenox Hill Settlement, 3 rds.

Final Bout

Al Neiman, Springfield A. C., beat John Kerr, Bronxdale A. C., by default.

Special Heavyweight Bout

Gordon Munce, Pastime A. C., knocked out Fred Teves, Joe Mafera Gym, 1 rd.

Pittsburgh vs. Columbus, Ohio Pittsburgh, April 15

112 Pound Class

High Manson, Homestead Steel A. A., beat Johnnie O'Keefe.

118 Pound Class

Ray Clark, Elite Club, beat Horton Greer.

126 Pound Class

D. Wood, Hazelwood A. A., beat Sam Drake, bout stopped first rd. by referee.

135 Pound Class

Sam Butler, Willow A. C., knocked out Miner Mithoff, 1 rd.

147 Pound Class

George Buff, Willow A. C., beat Monte Pack.

160 Pound Class

Jack Grant, Willow A. C., beat Dale Willison.

175 Pound Class

Stanley Simmons, Willow A. C., beat Bartley Shook. Shook failed to come up for 3rd rd.

Glencoe A. C., March 30

110 Pound Class

A. Camiglio, unattached, won by default from J. Beck, Glencoe A. C.

118 Pound Class

H. Willette, Glencoe A. C., won by default from D. McKay, Glencoe A. C.

125 Pound Class

B. Nabis, Glencoe A. C., knocked out J. Silverdollar, Glencoe A. C., 3 rds.

135 Pound Class

D. Webber, Pastime A. C., beat D. Lyons, Union Settlement, 3 rds.

118 Pound Class—Special Bout

Hugo Sarno, Pastime A. C., beat Sailor Black, Glencoe A. C., 3 rds.

Crescent A. C., March 30

110 Pound Class—Final Bout

B. Mundi, unattached, beat J. Sheehan, unattached, 3 rds.

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118 Pound Class—Final Bout
Otto Goldberg, Clark House, beat Jack Gordon, Rutgers Gymnasium, 3 rds.

128 Pound Class—Final Bout
P. Sullivan, unattached, beat J. Culgan, 105th Field Artillery, 4 rds.

138 Pound Class—Final Bout
Sidney Bart, Bronxdale A. C., beat P. Goldman, unattached, 1 rd.

147 Pound Class—Final Bout
Sam McClurkin, Steinway A. C., beat F. Sorenson, Bronxdale A. C., 3 rds.

New York Athletic Club
April 5

110 Pound Class
Robert Tweedale, Y. M. C. A., beat Louis Myers, unattached, 3 rds.
Bob Renderly, unattached, knocked out Oscar Mielief, Clark House A. A., 1 rd.

110 Pound Class—Second Draw
Jimmy Frucht, College Settlement, beat Jack Williams, Hollywood Inn A. C., 4 rds.
Ben Wholstadter, Trinity Club, beat Peter Sardelis, Boys' Club, 3 rds.
Johnny Breslin, John F. McCourt Ass'n, knocked out Charles Schoean, unattached, 1 rd.
Bob Renderly, unattached, beat Robert Tweedale, Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.

120 Pound Class
Fred Terle, unattached, beat Rocco Napoli, St. James A. C., 3 rds.
Jack Feldman, unattached, beat Johnny Brown, Roaming A. C., 3 rds.

130 Pound Class
Sam Winnie, Henry Street Settlement, knocked out S. Alteman, Bronxville, Y. M. H. A., 3 rds.

130 Pound Class—Second Draw
John Casey, Paulist A. C., knocked out Harry Walker, Clark House A. A., 1 rd.
Ben Nabors, Glencoe A. C., beat Mike Stipeo, Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.
Sam Winnie, Henry Street Settlement, knocked out Salvatore Mastropolo, unattached, 2 rds.
Pat Sullivan, St. James A. C., knocked out Irving Saffeir, unattached, 1 rd.

140 Pound Class
Dave Colton, Y. M. H. A., beat Billy Sorenson, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.
Buckley Lyons, Union Settlement A. C., knocked out Harry Olsen, unattached, 1 rd.

140 Pound Class—Second Draw
Albert Vallado, unattached, knocked out Mike Moskowitz, unattached, 3 rds.

Brooklyn College Club
April 5

110 Pound Class
Walter Brennan, unattached, knocked out Harold Porsetto, unattached, 2 rds.
Jerry Sullivan, Bay Ridge K. of C., knocked out Antonia Pizzio, O'Donald A. C., 2 rds.
Sam Blonder, Y. M. H. A., beat Nat Vonjiorno, unattached 3 rds.
Abe Leibowitz, Marty Allen Ass'n., knocked out Charles O'Brien, unattached, 1 rd.
Al Williams, unattached, knocked out Thos. Prince, Royal A. C., 2 rds.
Gene Frondaro, unattached, beat Max Feuer, unattached, 4 rds.

118 Pound Class
Robert Anderson, unattached, knocked out James Leots, Kenmare A. C., 2 rds.
Leo Mafflea, unattached, beat William Devanney, unattached, 3 rds.
Bill Cross, Emanual House, knocked out James Amato, Kenmore A. C., 1 rd.
Dave Kahn, Union Settlement, beat Nick Marauso, Yeager's Gymnasium School, 3rds.
Otto Goldberg, Clark House A. A., beat August Pizano, Trinity Club, 4 rds.
Sam Berger, unattached, knocked out Morris Sweiback, Rutgers Gymnasium, 2 rds.

138 Pound Class
Harry Galfund, Samaclar A. A., knocked out Thomas Belson, unattached, 2 rds.

158 Pound Class
Eddie Wyell, Glen Cove, A. C., knocked out Willie Coney, unattached, 2 rds.
Larry Estriedge, St. Christopher A. C., knocked out Walter Murphy, unattached, 2 rds.

WRESTLING BOUTS

MARCH

29—Spokane, Wash:
Tom Grant won from Ivan Seimens in fourth round. Seimens suffered a temporary vertebral dislocation resulting in blindness when he was hurled on his head.

29—St. Louis:
Ed (Strangler) Lewis won first fall from Jimmy Londos in 1 hour 17 min.
Jimmy Londos won second fall from Ed (Strangler) Lewis in 14 min. 45 sec.
Ed (Strangler) Lewis won the third fall from Jimmy Londos in 22 min.

29—Boston:
Joe Stecher won first fall from Yousouf Mahmout, 41 min. 8 sec.
Joe Stecher won second fall from Yousouf Mahmout, 16 min. 24 sec.

APRIL

3—Chicago:
Johnny Meyers won decision after twelve rounds from Ralph Parcaut.

3—Little Rock, Ark.:
Charles Rentrop won a handicap match from Stanislaus Zbysgko, who agreed to win two falls within 75 min. Zbyszko won one fall in 53 min.

13—Wichita, Kas.:
Earl Caddock won first fall from Ed. (Strangler) Lewis in sixteen minutes.
Ed. (Strangler) Lewis won the second fall from Earl Caddock in thirty-five minutes.
Ed. (Strangler) Lewis won the third fall from Earl Caddock in eight minutes.

17—Little Rock, Ark:
Stanislaus Zbyszko threw Charles Rentrop in hour and five minutes.

19—Boston:
Strangler Lewis defeated Dick Daviscourt in straight falls.

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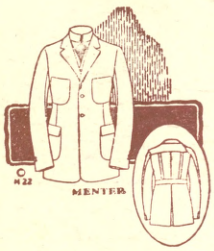

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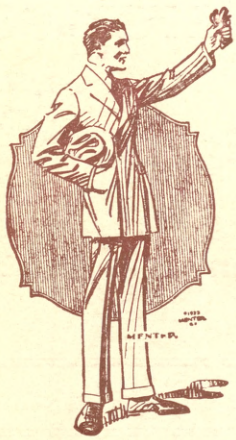

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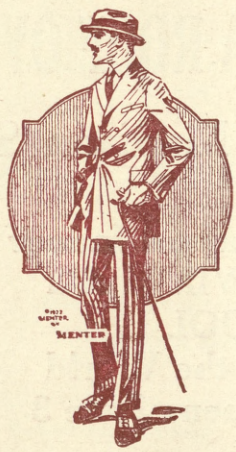

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